

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.



EVENING POST.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
HENRY PETERSON, }

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1861.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1801.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2000.

MOONLIGHT ON THE BEAVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

Oh, I have stood on Beaver's bank
And watched the silvery ripples going,
Across the water, where the breath
Of summer's sweetest wind was blowing,
And thought although the poets sing
Of arrowy Rhine, or Guadaluquer,
No other scene on earth could match
The Moonlight on the Beaver River!

The green hills on the western shore
Far in the dreamy distance lying,
The music of a splashing oar,
The echo listlessly replying,
While past the balmy violet bank—
The singing eddies dance and quiver—
Oh, like a dream of heaven it seems,
The Moonlight on the Beaver River!

THE MYSTERY;

OR,
The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE
RED COURT FARM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the
year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's
Office of the District Court for the Eastern Dis-
trict of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW HOME.

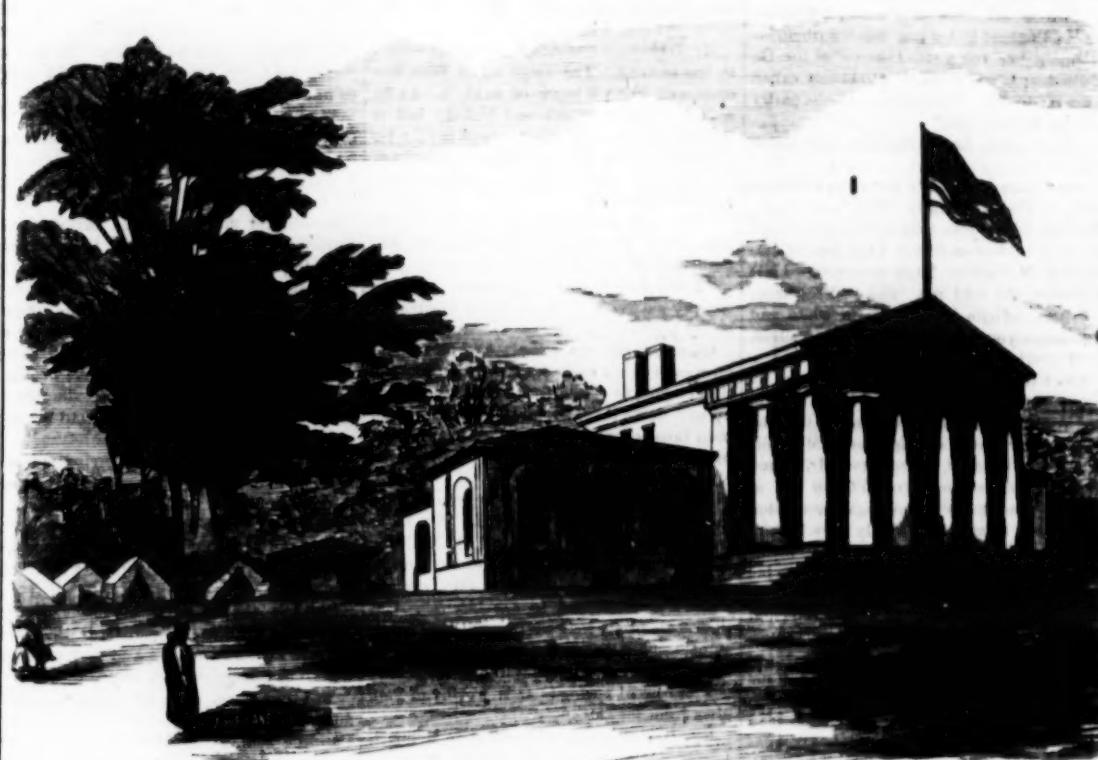
In the gray, gray dawn of an August morn-
ing, I stood on a steamer about to clear out
from alongside one of the wharves near Lon-
don bridge, and bound for France. Scarcely
dawn was it yet, for the night clouds still
hung upon the earth, but light was breaking
in the eastern horizon. The passengers were
coming on board; not many; it did not ap-
pear that the boat would have much of a
freight that day. I heard one of the seamen
say so; I knew nothing about it; and the
scene was as new to me as the world is to a
bird, flying, for the first time, from a cage
where it has been hatched and reared.

It was fifteen now, and had left Miss Fenton's for good; thoroughly well educated, in
accordance with my age, for if the living was
not good in her establishment, the system of
instruction was; and now I was going to
school in France.

I will not tell you precisely where this
school was situated; I have my reasons;
though I will honestly give you my ex-
periences of the establishment. It was not at
Boulogne, or at Calais, or at Dieppe, those
three renowned seaports, inundated with
Anglo-French schools; neither was it in
Paris or Brussels; in short, I will not, as I
say, indicate where it was. We can call the
town Nulle, and that's near enough. It was
kept by two ladies, sisters, the Demoiselles
Barlieu.

The negotiations had been made by my
trustees, and Mrs. Hemson had brought
me to London, down to the steamer on this
early morning, and was now consigning me
to the care of Miss Barlieu's English gover-
ness, whom we had there met by appointment.

"This young lady is Miss Johnstone," said
the person addressed as "Hill," present-
ing the beautiful girl to Miss Johnstone.
"Please take every care of her going across."



ARLINGTON HOUSE, THE PROPERTY OF GEN. LEE, COMMANDER OF THE VIRGINIA DISUNIONISTS, NOW OCCUPIED BY GEN. McDOWELL, COMMANDING U. S. FORCES IN VIRGINIA.

The following description of this celebrated
building, is from a Washington letter in the
N. Y. Herald:—

"We visited the celebrated Arlington
House, the residence of Mr. Robert Lee, (the
commander of the rebel forces in Virginia,) formerly
of George Washington Park Custis. It is now the head-quarters of Gen.
McDowell, commanding the Department of
Fairfax county. The situation is a splendid
one, commanding the whole city and a wide
sweep of the Potomac. The Eighth New
York Regiment, Colonel Lyons, is quartered
here. They have their battery of light artillery.

"Would the fishes have swallowed me up
so quickly, for not being in somebody's
charge. Unfasten my cloak, Hill."

"This young lady is Miss Chandos, ma'am,"
said the person addressed as "Hill," present-
ing the beautiful girl to Miss Johnstone.
"Please take every care of her going across."

"The young lady wheeled round.

"Are you our new English teacher?"

"I am engaged as English governess at
Mademoiselle Barlieu," replied Miss John-
stone. "They wrote to me that I might expect
Miss Chandos and Miss Hereford on board."

"Miss Hereford!" was the quick response.
"Who is she?"

But by that time I was lying down on the
berth, and the rough voice again interrupted.

"Any lady as is, for shore had better look
sharp, unless they'd like to be took off to
tother side the channel."

"What fun, Hill, if they should take off
of you!" laughed Miss Chandos, as the former
started up with trepidation. "Now don't
stumble overboard in your haste to get off the
boat."

"Good-by to you, Miss Emily, and a pleasant
journey! You won't fail to write as
soon as you arrive: my lady will be anxious."

"Oh, I will gladden mamma's heart with a
letter, as she will be thinking the bottom of the
steamer is come out," lightly returned Miss

Chandos. "Mind, Hill, you give my love to
Harry when he gets home."

Those who were for shore went on shore,
and soon we were in all the bustle and noise
of departure. Miss Chandos stood by the
small round table, looking in the hanging
glass, and turning her shining ringlets round
her fingers. On one of those fingers was a
ring, whose fine large stones formed a heart;
two were topaz, the other three dark
amethyst: the whole beautiful.

"May I suggest that you should lie down,
Miss Chandos?" said our governess, for the
time being. "You will find the benefit of
doing so."

"Have you crossed the channel many
times?" was the reply of Miss Chandos, as she
coolly proceeded with her hair, and her tone
to the teacher was a patronising one.

"Only twice; to France and home again."

"And I have crossed it a dozen times at
least, between school, and continental voyages
with mamma, so you cannot teach me
much in that respect. I can assure you
there's nothing more horrid than stowing
oneself in these suffocating berths. When we
leave the river, should it prove a rough sea,
well and good; but I don't put myself in a
berth till then."

"But the mansion is the memorable object.
It is of the old Revolutionary style of archi-
tecture—solid, wide spread and low. The
flying family have left but little in it, but, as
if trusting to our reverence for their family
ancestor, Washington, they have left many
pictures and relics of him and the Revolu-
tion. Hanging in the entry are the paintings
of Revolutionary scenes, painted in his old age
by George Washington Custis himself. They
are very spirited.

"The dining room is adorned with, among
other things, three deer's heads, preserved
from deer actually killed by George Wash-
ington. A fine engraving of the Duke of
Wellington confronts a full length oil paint-
ing of 'Light Horse Harry,' as he was
called, the father of Gen. Lee. A few
books and letters lie about marked with
the familiar and eminent names of Lee and
Custis.

"When I thought how often Washington
had walked on this noble portico, and enjoyed
those lordly grounds, I felt sad to think it
had become the duty of the soldiers of the
republic to occupy it in the name of the
republic and against the will of his disloyal
heirs."

"What a beautiful ring that is!"

Her eyes fell upon it, and a blush and a
smile rose to her face. She sat down on the
edge of my berth and twirled it over with
the fingers of her other hand.

"Yes, it is a nice ring. Let any one at-
tempt to give me a ring that is not a nice one;
they would get flung back at them."

"Is Mademoiselle Barlieu's a large
school?"

"Middling. There were seventy five last
September."

"What a many?"

"That includes the externes—I mean the
out door pupils. But I conclude you speak
French. We have three school rooms—one
for the elder girls, one for the younger, and
the third for the externes."

"And how many teachers?"

"Teachers? Oh—let me see. There's
Mademoiselle Barlieu, and Mademoiselle
Annette Barlieu. Mademoiselle Annette is
in our room, for she is more clever than
her sister, and of course takes the first
classes. There are three other teachers,
one to each room, and there's the English
teacher, who divides her time between the
three rooms, and we have about six masters."

"Altogether do you like being there?"

"Yes," she said, laughing significantly, "I
like it very well now. I am going on deck to
watch the day break; so adieu for the pre-
sent."

"A rough passage, of which I cannot think to
this day without—without wishing not to
think of it; and late in the afternoon the
steamer was made fast to the port it was
bound for. In the midst of the bustle pre-
paratory to landing, a gentleman, young,
vain, and rather good-looking, leaped on
board, brawling the domaniers, who were too
late to prevent him.

"My darling! come at last!" I heard him
shout, as, in another minute, he was bend-
ing over Miss Chandos. I thought it must
be the brother Harry she had spoken of,
though the manner in which he took her
hands and gazed into her eyes, was not much
after a brotherly fashion, and his English
betrayed a foreign accent.

"Speak in French, Alfred," she answered,
taking the initiative and addressing him in
the language, her damask checks, her dim-
ples, and her dancing eyes all being some-
thing lovely to behold. "I have not come
alone, as I wrote to you I thought I should;
a ducasse, in the shape of the English gover-
ness, has come with me."

"Six weeks you have been in England"
she reproachfully resumed.

"I am Miss Johnstone," said the teacher,
advancing to the one who had spoken.

"What a relief! The steward thought no
governess had come on board, and I must
not have dared to send Miss Chandos alone.
My lady—"

"You would, Hill; so don't talk nonsense,"
interrupted the young lady with a laugh, as
she threw up her white veil and brought her
beauty right underneath the cabin lamp.

"Mamma kept me. It is a long way, you
know, to go for only a month. Besides that,
she was in hopes Harry would be home to
bring me back. When did you get here?"

"Three days ago. I left Paris—"

"Miss Chandos, the men are calling out
that we must land."

The interruption came from Miss John-
stone, who had approached, looking keenly
at the gentleman. The latter muttered an
impatient word, by way of reprimand to the
governess, and assisted Miss Chandos up the
landing steps. Miss Chandos turned her head
when she reached the top.

"Be so good as look in the cabin, Miss
Johnstone; I have left a hundred things
there, odds and ends. My warm cloak is
somewhere."

Miss Johnstone looked anything but
pleased. It is not usual for pupils to order
their teachers to look after their things; and
Miss Chandos was of somewhat imperious
manner: not purposely: it was her nature.
I turned with Miss Johnstone and we col-
lected together the items left by Miss Chan-
dos. By the time we got to the custom-
house, she had disappeared. Twenty minutes
after, when we and our luggage had been ex-
amined, we found her outside, walking to
and fro with the gentleman.

"What about your boxes, Miss Chandos?"
asked Miss Johnstone.

"My boxes? I don't know anything about
them. I gave my keys to one of the com-
missionaires, and he will see to them. Or you
can if you like."

"I do not imagine it is my business to do
so," was Miss Johnstone's offended reply.
But Miss Chandos was again occupied with
her companion, and paid no heed to her.

"Halloa, de Mellissie! have you been to
England?" inquired an English voice of Miss
Chandos's cavalier.

"Not I," he replied. "I stepped on board
the boat when it came in, so they took their
revenge by making me go through the cus-
tom house, and turning my pockets inside
out. Much good it did them!"

An omnibus was waiting round the cor-
ner, in which we were finally to be conveyed
to our destination, Mademoiselle Barlieu's.
Seated in it was a little stout dame of fifty,
with a good tempered face, Mademoiselle
Caroline, the senior teacher, as I soon found.
She received Miss Chandos with open arms
and a kiss on each cheek. The gentleman
politely handed us by turn into the omnibus,
and stood bowing to us, badehanded, as we
drove away.

"Do you think him handsome?" Miss
Chandos whispered to me, the glow on her
face fading.

"Pretty well. What is his name?"

"Alfred de Mellissie. You can be good-
natured, can't you?" she added.

"I can, if I like," I answered, smiling.

"Then be so now, and don't preach it out
to the whole school that he met me. He—"

"Is that gentleman a relative of yours,
Miss Chandos?" interrupted Miss Johnstone.

From the end of the omnibus.

Miss Chandos did not like the tone or the
question: the one savored of acrimony, the
other she resented as impudent. She fixed
her haughty blue eyes on Miss Johnstone
before she answered: they said very plainly,

"By what right do you presume to inquire
of me?" and Miss Johnstone bit her lips at
the look.

"They are not related to us. Madame de
Mellissie is an intimate friend of my mother,
Lady Chandos." And that was all she con-
descended to say, for she turned her back
and began laughing and chattering in French
with Mademoiselle Caroline.

The Miss Barlieus received us graciously,
giving us all the same friendly greeting that
the old teacher had given only to Miss Chan-
dos. Two pleasant, kind-hearted maid-
men were they, not very young. Miss An-
nette confessed to having passed thirty-five.
We were their visitors that evening, and
were regaled with nice things in their own
parlor.

I said I would give you the mode of treat-
ment in that school, and I will. It was a
superior establishment, the terms high for
France; but they were nothing like so high
as Miss Fenton's. Miss Fenton's charge was
about a third higher, and at Miss Fenton's
we had three months' holiday in the year
those who remained during the holidays had
to be paid for extra. The Miss Barlieus' gave
one month's holiday in the year, it was just
over now, but the pupils could remain at school
during that month without extra charge. A great many did remain.

The dormitories were spacious and airy, a
small, separate, thoroughly clean bed being
given to each pupil. No French school for
either sex can be overcrowded, for they are
under the close inspection of the govern-
ment, and to do so would involve the loss
of the license to keep one. A large, airy
room is always set apart, and called the infir-
mary if a pupil is sick she (or he) is instantly
removed there, sedulously nursed and
tended, and on no account whatever may the
infirmary be occupied by those in health.

Clang! clang! clang! went the great bell
in the morning, waking us out of our sleep
at six. Dressing, practising, lessons and
prayers occupied the time till eight. Miss
Johnstone read prayers to the English pupils,
all Protestants; Mademoiselle Caroline read
them to the French, who were Roman Cath-
olic.

For breakfast there was as much
bread and butter as we liked to eat, and a
small basin of good rich milk for each.
Some of the English girls chose tea in pre-
ference, which they were at liberty to do.
On Sunday mornings the breakfast was a
treat; petits pains and coffee; a petit pain
being a sort of roll. We had them hot, two
each, and a small pot of butter. Such coffee
as that we never get in England: one-third
coffee, two-thirds hot milk, and strong them.
Breakfast over, we played till nine, and then
came studies till twelve.

The professed dinner hour was half-past
twelve, but the cook rarely got it before a
quarter to one. We all dined together, in-
cluding Miss Barlieu and Miss Annette, at
two long tables. I remember the dinner,
that first day, as well as I had eaten it
yesterday. A plateful of soup first, very
poor, as all French soup is; after that the
bouilli, the meat that the soup is made of.
The English at first never like this bouilli,
but in time learn to know how good it is,
eaten with the French piquante mustard.
Sometimes we had carrots with the meat;

he says everything taken out of your boxes was safely put in again."

"It was a beautiful mantle, Mademoiselle Annette, and I dare say somebody caught it up and ran away with it, when the man's attention was turned the other way. It can't be helped; there are worse misfortunes at sea."

"What gentleman was it that you were walking about with?" resumed Mademoiselle Annette.

"Gentleman?" returned Miss Chandos, in a questioning tone, as if she could not understand, or did not remember. "Gentleman, Mademoiselle Annette?"

"A gentleman who came on board to speak to you; and who assisted you to land, and with whom you were walking about afterwards, while the other ladies were in the custom-house?"

"Oh, I recollect now; I had forgotten. There was a gentleman who came on board; it was Monsieur de Mellissie." Very brilliant had Miss Chandos's checks become; but she had turned her face to the desk as if anxious to continue her studies, and Mademoiselle Barrieu saw it not.

"What took him on board?" resumed Mademoiselle Annette.

"As if I knew, Mademoiselle Annette?" lightly replied the young lady. "He may have wanted to speak to the captain—or to some of the sailors. He did not tell me."

"But you were promenading with him afterwards?"

"And very polite of him it was, to give up his time to promenade with me, while I was waiting for them to come out," replied Miss Chandos. "I returned him my thanks for it, Mademoiselle Annette. If the new English teacher had had a thousand boxes to clear, she could not have been much longer over it. I thought she was never coming."

"Well, my dear, do not promenade with Monsieur de Mellissie. It is not the right thing for a young lady to do, and Miladi Chandos might not be pleased that you should."

"On the contrary, Mademoiselle Annette, mamma charged me with twenty messages to give him, in trust for his mother," replied the undaunted girl. "I was glad of an opportunity of delivering them."

Mademoiselle Annette said no more, only charged the girl, as she quitted the room, to get ready their geography books, for she should return for that class in five minutes.

"I say, Emily Chandos, whatever's all that about?" asked a young lady.

"I don't care. It's that new English teacher who has been peaching! Alfred jumped on board as soon as we touched the side, and I stayed with him till the omnibus was ready—or till we were ready for the omnibus. You did not tell, Anne Herford?"

"I have not spoken of it to any one."

"No, I was sure of that. It's that precious teacher. I did not like her before, but for this I'll give her all the trouble I can at my English lesson—such folly for Mademoiselle Barrieu to engage a child, and she's not better. I could teach her."

I heard Mademoiselle Annette ask her this morning if she was really twenty-one. So that's the age she must have given in," cried another girl, Ellen Roper. "She does not look it."

"As much twenty-one as I am," said Emily Chandos. "Anne Herford, who are you to visit?"

"To visit?" I returned, in surprise. "How do I know that anybody will ask me?"

"Are there no names given in where you may visit, if asked?" inquired Ellen Roper.

"Names given in? I don't understand what you mean."

"Don't you know that when a pupil is placed at a French school, the parents, if they wish her to visit, give in the names of the families where she may visit, and the governess notes them down. If the first families in the place asked for her, she would not be allowed to go, unless the governess had received their names from the parents. It is not a bad rule."

"It is a precious bad one, Ellen Roper," retorted Miss Chandos. "When the Stapletons were passing through here, last spring, they invited me to the hotel for a day, and Mademoiselle Barrieu put her veto upon it, because their name had not been given in by mamma. Lady Stapleton came and expostulated with her husband, Sir Gregory, was the oldest friend possible of the late Sir Thomas Chandos, had been for years, and that they would take every imaginable care of me, and she knew Lady Chandos would wish me to go. Not a bit of it: you might as well have tried to move the house, as to move Mademoiselle Barrieu. Miladi Chandos had not given her the name, she said, and she could not depart from the custom. Don't you remember what a passion I was in? Cried my eyes out, and would not do a single study I'll tell you what you can do, Anne Herford. When you get acquainted with any of the families here, and are invited out, you must write home, and ask them to give in the name to Mademoiselle Barrieu. She'll let you go then."

Write home! What home had I to write to?"

The next morning Miss Chandos had a letter from her home. Lady Chandos had discovered that the velvet mantle, by some unaccountable mischance, had not been put into the boxes. She would forward it after her.

CHAPTER X

EMILY CHANDOS.

For many weeks went by, there was war to the knife between the English teacher and Emily Chandos. The latter's dislike swayed also that of many of the scholars, for she, with her beauty, her gaiety, and her generous willfulness, was excessively popular in the school, doing nearly as she liked, except of course with the Demistles Barrieu. For myself, I can truly say I had learnt to love Emily Chandos. She had her faults: what girl is without them? She was vain, petulant, haughty when she pleased, and—I do think—stupid. But I know that she possessed the

secret of taking hearts by storm. Now Miss Johnstone, on the contrary, very few could like: there was something in her repelling to most people; and she took care that her manners should be especially repelling to Emily Chandos. She was over strict with her class; she was over strict with her lessons and exercises; and once she went the length of reporting her to Mademoiselle Annette for some trifling fault. Miss Chandos was not of a nature to take this easily, or without retaliation, and many petty vexations were lavished upon the English teacher. Her soubriquet in the school was "Peg Johnstone"; the girls called her nothing else, whether she might be within hearing, or not. Her name was Margaret, but she had inadvertently left an open letter about, received from some friend, wherein she was called nothing but "Peg." That was quite enough for the school, and henceforth it was "Peg Johnstone." There was a good joke one day. A new English girl entered as weekly boarder, her friends living in the town. She went up in the hearing of the whole room and addressed her as "Miss Peg," believing that to be her name. You should have seen Miss Johnstone's dark and angry face, and you should have seen the dancing eyes of Emily Chandos.

I picked up scraps of information, touching Alfred de Mellissie, not much in the whole. Madame de Mellissie, an English lady, and Lady Chandos had been intimate friends in early life, but when the former married Monsieur de Mellissie, and took up her abode in France, relations between them gradually dropped. To be renewed, however, on the return of Lady Chandos from Italy, two years previous to the present time. In passing through Paris she sought out her old friend, who was then staying near St. Cloud. Madame de Mellissie was delighted, and compelled her and Emily to remain a week with her. Her only child, Alfred, was away, so with him they made no acquaintance. The week over, Lady Chandos continued her journey to England, leaving her daughter on the way at Mademoiselle Barrieu's. Eighteen months went on, rather more, and then Madame de Mellissie came towards the coast for change of air, fixing her abode at Nulle. Her son was with her, and it was thus that Emily Chandos made her acquaintance with him, for she was frequently invited by his mother. Madame de Mellissie remained four months, and her son escorted her back to Paris, but now here he was, at Nulle again.

The letter despatched to Lady Chandos by Emily set forth the praises of Mrs. Treherne, and especially dwelt upon the fact that she was a "dear friend" of Madame de Mellissie. Not a word said it, though, that Mr. Alfred de Mellissie had not appeared, and Mademoiselle Caroline—who had viewed the scandal, touching Alfred de Mellissie, with shocked displeasure—would not allow her to be called, saying she was "sulking." But the supper, spin it out as we would, could not last all night, and Miss Johnstone, as good as her word, called us up with our English books.

"Have and find Miss Chandos," she said to me. "She has chosen to go without her supper, but she shall not escape her lesson."

I went; and came back, saying she was neither in her bedroom nor the play-room; in fact I could not find her.

"Miss Chandos do you want?" spoke up one of the French girls. "She is gone out to pay a visit: I saw her with her things on at dusk."

"That's the way Mademoiselle Barrieu keeps her word, is it?" muttered Miss Johnstone in an undertone. And very cross she was to us throughout the lesson.

It was as I thought: she was watching for the return of Emily Chandos. The latter came up on the arm of Alfred de Mellissie. Mrs. Treherne's maid following at a respectful distance. At the school-door they made a halts to converse and to say farewell. But they were pretty long over it, and Miss Johnstone crossed the street and stood close to them. Emily was the first to observe her.

"You here! spying! It is worthy of you, Miss Johnstone!"

"Spying after you, Monsieur de Mellissie, I believe it would not be satisfactory to the Miss Barrieus—"

"Good night, Alfred," interrupted Emily, contemptuously. "Pay no attention to her: she's nothing but the English teacher."

He wrung her hand, lifted his hat to me, and walked away, while Emily sounded a loud peal on the inner bell.

I heard no more, knew no more till the next morning after school. And then I was summoned to the salon. Miss Johnstone had lodged a formal complaint against Emily Chandos, and called me as a witness.

"Seated at the table d'hôte with Monsieur Alfred de Mellissie; with him in the private salon afterwards" echoed Mademoiselle Annette. "It is not to be believed."

"I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Treherne, and he happened to be their guest yesterday also," returned Emily Chandos, her eyes sparkling anger and her cheeks glowing.

"How frequently has he been their guest when you have been with them?" demanded Mademoiselle Annette.

Emily did not answer. It would not do to answer "Always," and she disdained to equivocate.

"You are wandering from the most important part of the accusation," interrupted Mademoiselle Barrieu, speaking for the first time. "Is it true, or is it not, Mademoiselle Emily Chandos, that you came back to school last night accompanied by Monsieur Alfred de Mellissie?"

Emily was obliged to answer—"thanks to that detestable spy," she muttered—that it was true.

"And do you think it is right or seemly for a young lady to be seen walking through the town at night with no other protector? or with such a protector at all? You know the customs and ideas of our country are against it," emphatically pronounced Mademoiselle Barrieu.

"Where was the harm of it, mademoiselle?" replied Emily, in desperation. "He did not eat me."

"How stupid she was! Was she going to brave it out? The Demoiselles Barrieu threw up their hands and eyes. Miss Johnstone made the mischief worse.

"I should be highly culpable were I to conceal my opinion," she exclaimed. "I fear the affair is serious—that he is contemplating the making Miss Chandos his wife."

"Nonsense!" irritably responded Mademoiselle Annette. "What are you thinking of, Miss Johnstone?"

"There is a great deal more fuss being made than need be," cried Emily, who was losing her temper. "But I will take care not to come home with Monsieur de Mellissie again, mademoiselle, as it is not approved of. You understand, I hope, that Mrs. Treherne's maid was attending me."

"My dear," said Mademoiselle Barrieu, in her quiet, firm tone, so different from the somewhat impulsive manner of her sister, "you will not again have the opportunity given you. I cannot possibly allow any young lady in my establishment to run the risk of being talked of. And had I not believed you possessed more prudence, you certainly would never have gone out."

"Just look there, Miss Herford! do you see that?"

Miss Johnstone's words were uttered in a low tone of consternation. I would not understand to whom she alluded.

"See what, Miss Johnstone?"

"I don't know, Mademoiselle. It's a lady and gentleman, and the lady gave this card."

"Emily took it. "Mrs. Treherne?" I don't know her from Adam," she exclaimed, as she leaped away, card in hand.

Presently she came back with a radiant face, and presented herself to Mademoiselle Annette, who was in the class then.

"Oh, miss Johnstone! she has visited the Treherns."

"I can see through a mill-stone," was Miss Johnstone's cold answer.

"Never were more defiant looks cast upon a teacher than Emily Chandos threw over the table at Miss Johnstone. That the latter provoked them by her manner there was no doubt. I think—I always had thought—that she was envious of Miss Chandos, though whence or why the feeling should have arisen I cannot say. They were the most distinguished group at table, Mr. Treherne and

his wife, Monsieur de Mellissie and Emily: and the waiters treated them with marked distinction: even the appurtenances of their dinner were superior, for none others within the range of my view ventured upon sparkling Moselle and ice. They rose from table earlier than many. Emily throwing me a laughing nod, as she took Alfred de Mellissie's arm to follow Mr. and Mrs. Treherne, but couchsurfing not the slightest notice of Miss Johnstone.

"Mamma will be so vexed if I do not go. She is very intimate with the Treherns. They have only just come to the town, and are stopping at the Hotel du Lion d'Or."

Which concluding words gave us the clue to Emily's eagerness for the visit. For it was at that renowned hotel that Mr. Alfred de Mellissie was sojourning. Mademoiselle Annette was firm.

"You know the rules of the school, my dear. We have heard nothing of these general people from your mamma, and it is impossible that you can be allowed to go."

Emily Chandos carried back her excuses to the salon, and after school gave vent to her mortification in a private outburst to us.

"Such a dreadful shame, these horrid French rules! As if the Treherns would have poisoned me! But I despatch a letter to mamma to night to get permission. They are going to stop a month at Nulle."

"Have they just come from England?"

"Not at all. She is French, and never was in England in her life. She is a friend—dropping her voice still lower—"of the De Mellissies; it was through Alfred they called upon me to day. They came to Nulle partly because he was here."

"Then does Lady Chandos not know them?"

"She knows him. We know the Treherns well; a Cornish family. This one, young Treherne, fell in love with a French girl, and has married her—a friend, I tell you, of Madame de Mellissie's. They were married last Thursday, she told me. She had the most ravishing toilette to-day: a white and blue robe: you might have taken it for silver. She's nearly as young as I am."

Of course she was mine. And all I could do was to follow her. She went out into the street again, to the opposite side, and paced up and down it. Ten minutes or so we had been thus occupied, when she suddenly drew me within a doorway, precisely opposite Mademoiselle Barrieu's.

It was as I thought: she was watching for admission, that we should make it to the ground. Everybody thought it would be dashed to pieces, but the artist lifted it up

and showed that it was only just bruised, which was soon set right with a little hammer.

The astounded emperor inquired, "Does any one else know your secret?"

"None, my lord." "Then none ever shall," quoth the emperor—"strike off his head!" and so the poor artist was beheaded. A similar story is told of the inventor of the St. Albans clock, whose eyes were put out by his employers, lest he should ever exceed his own work; and of a certain Russian architect, whose genius was so highly prized that the Czar had him put to death after the erection of some splendid palace, lest he should rival it by another still more beautiful. This sort of reward was a sorry encouragement to inventors.

CHARLES VI., King of France, was insane during the greater part of his reign. That he had lucid intervals, when he was sharp enough, the following will show:—from French lords of high rank, and one or two nearly allied to the King, were in captivity in Turkey, in the hands of Sultan Bajazet, and it was a question of sending an embassy, with handsome presents to the Sultan, to procure their release. The Duke of Berry, the King's uncle, strongly objecting to the sending of handsome gifts to a recreant papa King, Charles said—"Good uncle, if this pagan King should send you a fine jeweler piece of plate, should you refuse it?" "I should consider of it," said the Duke of Berry. The King knew that it was nothing since the Duke had received from Bajazet a ruby worth £500.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1861.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to **THE POST**, but we prefer Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over \$5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) payable to our order.

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of **THE POST** to extend as much forbearance as heretofore to subscribers in arrear. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

LESSON NUMBER ONE.

The repulse of the United States forces at Great Bethel seems to be fairly attributable to the incompetency either of General Pierce or General Butler, or both.

These generals are from Massachusetts, and were civilians up to the commencement of the present hostilities. Gen. Butler appears to possess many of the qualifications which fit a man for military command—but on the other hand, it is questionable whether any natural gifts can entirely make amends for a reasonable degree of experience in practical military affairs.

General Pierce avers that he did the best he could—says he was entirely ignorant of the existence of any stream at Great Bethel, or of the formation of the ground. It is alleged, however, that he completely "lost his head" on the field of battle, and the general opinion of those under him seems to be that he is incompetent.

While we think it incumbent upon the press and the public to deal justly with all men, we are decidedly of the opinion that it is true charity to hold all military leaders responsible. And especially in the numerous cases in which mere civilians have sought high commands in the present war, it is necessary that they should be taught that contempt and ridicule are to be their portion if they should prove to be unqualified for the prominent positions which they are holding. It seems to us, we confess, almost the height of presumption for any civilian, no matter what his natural talents may be, to accept the post of General. Colonel, it seems to us, is an authority sufficiently high for any one to be invested with. No man knows whether he will be able to command his wits on the field of battle, and under a heavy fire, until he is tried. Even the recent election of the commonwealth military commands may be justified from his memory by the unusual surroundings and the tremendous responsibilities

we would have the fools who rush in where wise men fear to tread, scoured out again without pity, as soon as their incompetency is proved upon them. And more—we do hope that the governing powers will take warning also in this matter, and remember that they also will be held accountable for the mischief which may ensue from such inconsiderate appointments. Let all high appointments, as far as possible, be of men who have had both a military education and seen fire—and not be given to mere politicians on account of the influence they are supposed to possess, or even to acknowledged statesmen. Put these gentlemen through a battle or two as Colonels—they can do mischief enough even then, if they are incompetent—and advance them if they show the necessary ability. But do not—except as an absolute necessity—elevate mere untried civilians to places where both military talent and military experience are required.

A CONFIRMATION.

A recent letter from Mr. Russell, the special correspondent of the *London Times*, to that influential journal, is interesting as confirming, by strong testimony, the charge that an anti-slavery spirit is at the bottom of the Secession movement. Our readers will find, by reference to Mr. Russell's testimony—which we republish in the Post—that the leading South Carolinians go so far as to regret the separation from Great Britain. If they only could have a scion of the royal family of England to reign over them, they would be content. While, in a subsequent letter, Mr. Russell states that an Ex-Governor of Alabama had said to him—"Sooner or later to the North we will all become subject to Great Britain again."

Although we do not doubt that such is the feeling of the wealthy and prominent men in South Carolina—and, perhaps, among the Secessionists in all the States—we are far from believing that this is the feeling of the great majority of the common people. If these latter really knew in what light they were regarded by their leaders—and how they were being used by men who, in their innocent hearts, despise them—they would abandon the Secession cause at once.

As to South Carolina, every reader of American history knows that she was more deeply infected with Toryism during the Revolutionary era than any other of the colonies. A majority, probably, of her planters were in heart devoted loyalists, and a large number avowedly so. Left to herself, she would still have been a British colony. It is not, therefore, greatly to be wondered at that such sentiments as those expressed to Mr. Russell should be common among her wealthy citizens.

As to the South Carolina, every reader of the New Englanders, which Mr. Russell alludes to, nothing could be more ridiculous. We in Pennsylvania, who are, both materially and spiritually, between the two sections, see how absurd the whole prejudice is. We do not mean to say that there is no reason for such prejudices on either side; but that they are absurd, in view of the immensity of the edifice and the slenderness of the foundation.

Introduce a South Carolinian to a New England man, get the two parties thoroughly acquainted, and three times out of four Palmetto will think Pine a fine fellow. Introduce him to a New England girl, one of those who, with clear white skin, rosy cheeks, and lassies like Minerva, may be styled a feminine "red, white, and blue," and three chances out of four he falls desperately in love with her. Laugh at him for respecting a Yankee man, or loving a Yankee woman, and he will exclaim—"oh, but they are not Yankees—they are exceptions—they are at heart as warm as Southerners, with a little frost, I grant, on the outside."

The true secret of the matter is, that the South Carolinian has an imaginary Yankee always before his mental vision, which he supposes to be the real Yankee, and which is the result of a very faithful course of reading of violent political papers. The Yankee bugaboo of political editors in the South becomes the genuine Yankee of their readers—and, as the reading is all on one side in South Carolina, a false idea of what a New Englander is has grown up simply as the result of prejudice and ignorance. What is characterized as a Yankee is a hateful thing enough—but then, when you come to visit Yankee land, you find in the main an entirely different being.

The New Englanders have their faults, we grant—and so have the South Carolinians. The former are as warm-hearted as the latter—though not so impulsive and demonstrative. As to "Free Love," and all that nonsense, we consider the New Englanders the most moral people in the country. We should be surprised if the statistics, could they be obtained, did not prove that there was less practical "free love" in New England than in either the Middle, Southern or Western States—and if the Southern States, South Carolina inclusive, did not make rather a worse show in this respect than any other portion of the Union. We grant that in New England there are a great many ridiculous notions, because there are a great many notions of all kinds. Where there is a great deal of life, there always will be a great deal of folly. Nothing is so composed and "respectable" as dead log or a stone.

LIEUT. GREBLE.—We think our readers who peruse the account, in another column, of Lieut. Greble's services in the attack at Great Bethel, will agree with us that he was far better fitted to command a division than Gen. Pierce. He divined at once what mischief was going on, when he heard the firing in his rear; and afterwards saw with grief what folly it was to entrust the lives and honor of brave men to an incompetent commander, who seems not to have known enough either to advance or to retreat.

Mr. LOAN.—The whole of the three million six $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. loan asked for by the authorities of Pennsylvania has been taken at par, and within our own limits.

HARPER'S FERRY.

The Disunion forces evacuated Harper's Ferry on the 15th—destroying the wooden part of the great bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and burning the telegraph station and the Government works, including eighteen out of the twenty armory buildings.

It is stated that a messenger from General Beauregard commanded the evacuation, in order to save them from being surrounded, and then forced to surrender. They retired in the direction of Winchester, with the object, probably, of uniting themselves with the main body of the insurgent forces, a large portion of which is understood to be posted at Manassas Junction. It is reported that General Beauregard's intention is to make a stand in that vicinity, and that he has strongly fortified his position, with the intention of forcing General Scott to attack him at that place. If so, it may be that he will be gratified—and it may be that he will not. It appears, evident, however, that many weeks will not pass now without important movements taking place, and very serious engagements.

MEETING OF PUBLISHERS.—A meeting of the publishers of the leading daily journals in the Northern cities is to be held at Washington, in order to provide against the embarrassment caused the Government by the premature publication of army movements—from which the Government has already suffered. The Government is unwilling to close the telegraph, and yet it is needful that something be done, as the enemy have already profited too much by these revelations.

Some editors of leading journals seem selfish and silly enough to publish the whole plan of the campaign—illustrated with maps—if they could in any manner get hold of it.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.—"Transparent colors," we judge, can be obtained at any store where they supply materials for the use of artists. There are a number of such stores in Philadelphia, and we suppose in every other large city.

LIEUT. GREBLE.

The obsequies of Lieut. Greble, a native of this city, killed in the recent action near Fortress Monroe, took place in Philadelphia on the 14th. The following account of his part in the fight was taken down from the lips of those who served in the action. We are indebted to it for the *Inquirer*:

On the 27th of May, Lieut. Greble was sent to Fortress Monroe with twenty-two regulars and four pieces of field artillery and other ordnance, and was appointed Ordnance-master at Newport News, for the instruction of volunteers in artillery practice.

It being understood on Sunday night that the enemy were within sixteen miles of Newport News, Gen. Butler gave orders to Gen. Pierce to proceed to dislodge them.

Lieut. Greble received orders to take two guns and eleven regulars, and one hundred volunteers. Two miles only could be obtained to draw one gun, the other gun was drawn by the men. Lieut. Greble went ahead with his first gun. Before daybreak he heard the report of firing in his rear. Procuring a wretched horse, the only one that could be obtained, he rode back to his other gun, a mile and half in the rear, where he found his apprehensions—that it was our own men firing upon their fellow-soldiers—realized. Col. Benedix, of the New York regiment, was using Lieut. Greble's second gun to fire upon Col. Townsend's regiment.

Lieut. Greble called to them that they were firing upon their friends, and ordered them to desist. He was heard to exclaim that he would rather have been shot than have this accident occur. It appears that Col. Townsend's men were ordered to wear a white band on their arm, but no notice was given to Col. Benedix of the fact, and meeting them in the dark, he took them for enemies.

As soon as the confusion arising from the mistake was over, General Pierce ordered the troops to advance. No scouts were thrown out, nor were the troops aware of the vicinity of the enemy's batteries until they came within their fire. Lieut. Greble was ordered to unlimber his gun. He advanced, firing his gun alternately, until he came within two hundred yards of the masked battery of gunners.

Soon after the firing commenced, he was left alone with his original command of eleven men, in an open road, the volunteers having retreated before the telling fire of the rifled gun.

MANY officers of thorough military education are offering their services to the Government. Among those are many West Point graduates, now in civil life. Some of these will be appointed Colonels of the new regiments in the increase of the regular army. Each regiment will muster twenty-three hundred men.

Lieut. Greble stood the brunt of the action for two hours; he was begged by several officers to retreat, but he refused. Lieut. Butler asked him at least to take the same care of himself that the rest did, and to dodge. He replied, "I never dodge, and when I hear the notes of the bugle calling a retreat, I shall retreat, and not before." The enemy made a sortie. Lieut. Greble said to Capt. Bartlett, who was standing alongside of him, "Now, Charley, I have something to fire at; just see how I will make them scamper." He immediately loaded with grape and fuses, and the enemy at once retreated behind their entrenchment.

Seeing himself left entirely alone, with five men at his own gun, he turned to Corporal Peoples, and said "all he could do would be useless—limber up the gun and take it away." At this moment a shot struck him on the left temple. He immediately fell, and his only exclamation was "Oh! my gun." The same ball went through the body of another man and took the leg off a third. Throughout the firing he had sighted every gun himself, and examined the effect of every shot with his glass. It was remarked by his own men that every ball was placed in the very spot that he aimed for. The men say that he exhibited the same coolness that he would on parade.

The enemy did not come out again until the Federal troops had been withdrawn a half hour.

Lieut. Greble did not spike his gun, but kept it charged in preparing to withdraw his command. The sergeant spiked it after the lieutenant was killed.

Capt. Wilson and Lieut. Warren brought his piece and his corpse from the field. Of 3,500 men who were marched out, probably not more than a thousand were engaged at any one time. Lieut. Greble and the Zouaves were left to fight the battle.

Some one was speaking of the snow in New Hampshire as being three inches deep, when a Vermonter, anxious for the credit of his State, interrupted him with— "Why, darn it, we don't pretend to use snow in Varmount till it is three years old."

NEWS ITEMS.

IMPERIAL THEATRICALS.—We find in the Sport, the following anecdote connected with the late theatrical performances at the Tulleries.—"Eighty ladies were invited to this dramatic soirée. After the play, the Emperor and Empress graciously complimented the actors on their performance, and her majesty, addressing M. Montrouze, asked him how long it was since Alexandre Dumas' piece had been played at the Théâtre Francaise. 'Not for twenty years,' replied Montrouze. 'In that case,' replied her majesty, laughing, 'pray say nothing about it, for there are several ladies here, who, though they will not own being thirty, have just assured me that they had seen it played at the Théâtre Francaise.'

THE BROOKLYN AROUND.—The Charleston Courier of the 6th says:—A gentleman just arrived in this city from New Orleans, reports that the blockading steamer Brooklyn, at the mouth of the Mississippi, went ashore before her left, and that she careened to such a degree that her guns could not be made to bear on anything. He further reports that the inhabitants were alive in preparation for relieving the Brooklyn and placing her under Confederate attention.

WHO RAN?—It is reported that one of the slaves at Newport News, on being questioned as to whether he had ran away from his master, replied: "No, god, massa ran away from me!" When he see de soldliers comin', he run like de debbil, I spec he's gone to Richmond!"

GENERAL SCOTT'S AGE.—A subject of frequent inquiry, and we have heard it alleged in his case, as in that of ex-President Buchanan, that the ladies' privilege of carousing Time has been exercised; but the worthy Captain Pratt, who venerates General Scott, and is well posted, informs us that the hero was born on the 13th of June, 1786. He was consequently but 75 on Thursday, June 13th, 1861, and may hope to live ten years yet, with such a constitution as he has. The famous Austrian field marshal Radetzky was past eighty when he defeated Charles Albert, father of Victor Emmanuel, and lived, we think, to the age of ninety.

A LADY OF NEW YORK CITY.—A lady of New York city has, upon her own responsibility, made up and boxed off to Washington three hundred and fifty-five shirts, five hundred handkerchiefs, cap covers, and forty-four green silk shades for the eyes.

Miss Dix writes from Washington to a lady of Philadelphia:—"I thank you for the Havelocks. I never can have too many. Should any one ask what they shall do for soldiers at a cheap rate, say make Havelocks."

UNITED STATES TROOPS IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.—Among other exploits of Captain Coe's command in the Potowmack expedition, sent from St. Louis by General Lyon, was the seizure of the Jefferson County Herald, a little secession sheet, edited by Sam Raymond. The outside pages of the paper had already been struck off, and contained the usual quantity of secession matter. Captain Coe took full possession of the office, changed the title of the paper to the United States American Volunteer, called the printers out of his rooms, got up the editorial, and rushed the paper out in a hurry. The Pennsylvania volunteers at Alexandria were also publishing a paper.

THE RAGE FOR RELICS OF DEPARTED HEROES.—The rage for relics of departed heroes is frequently carried to a ridiculous excess. The flags which Col. Ellsworth seized and carried, the oil cloth on which he fell, &c., have been divided, and the pieces are carefully preserved by curiosity hunters. A resident of Paterson boasts of possessing and exhibiting a piece of cheese which the gallant Colonel had in his haversack. This has been divided in to 900 dozen parts and given to as many persons—*Newark Daily.*

CAPTAIN BALL AND HIS SECESSION CAVALRY.—Captured at Alexandria three weeks ago, were released on their taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. When they returned to Virginia they were at once ordered to leave the State.

LIEUT. SLEMMER.—The gallant commander of Fort Pickens had a fine reception in this city on the 12th.

GENERAL MCLELLAN'S LETTER TO MR. CRITTENDEN.—From the *Evening Star*, as follows:—"The papers of this morning state that Gen. Prentiss, commander United States forces at Cairo, has sent troops across the Ohio river into Kentucky. I have no official notice of such a movement, but I at once telegraphed Gen. Prentiss for the facts, and stated to him, if the report was true, I disapproved his course, and ordered him to make no more such movements without my sanction previously obtained."

MRS. BEAUREGARD.—Mrs. Beauregard, the wife of the commander of the rebel forces, is in town, and last evening attended the church of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in Brooklyn, in company with a member of the New York press.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.—states that the Government will soon pay all the troops, including both the three year and three month volunteers.

MANY OFFICERS OF THOROUGH MILITARY EDUCATION.—Offering their services to the Government are officers of thorough military education and only desired permission to have stormed the fort, but no general officer was seen from the commencement of the action, and fifteen hundred were kept lying on the ground for an hour and forty minutes, waiting for a command.

LIEUT. GREBLE.—Lieut. Greble, a native of Quebec, from Quebec, on the 4th, on a field of sunken ice, eight miles south of Belle Isle, and sunk in thirty-five minutes, causing the loss of twenty or thirty lives.

GENERAL LYON AND STAFF.—With 1,500 men, besides horses, wagons, artillery, camp equipment, ammunition, and provisions for a long march, left St. Louis on Thursday, by steamer, for Jefferson City.

THE APPOINTMENT OF THE HON. ANSON BURINGHAM.—The appointment of the Hon. Anson Burmingham has been changed from Austria to China.

IN EAST TENNESSEE.—The majority against secession is from 10,000 to 12,000.

MARYLAND ELECTION.—The Union ticket, with one exception, is all elected—May (Union) in Baltimore beats Winter Davis (ex-Confederate Unionist) by about 2,000 majority. The Union majority in the State is about 50,000.

SOUTHERN MEN IN THE NORTH.—A gentleman extensively acquainted in the Southern States, informs us that at this moment over one thousand Southern Union gentlemen are now sojourning in this city, for safety from the armed rabble now dominant in Southern cities. These parties are from the Mississippi states from Memphis to New Orleans, and from probably every inland city in the slaveholding States. These parties are men of substance, who have fled from the tumult of secession to the peace and quietness of Philadelphia. Many of them have lost large sums of money, and have reconciled themselves to the loss. The men say that he exhibited the same coolness that he would on parade.

The enemy did not come out again until the Federal troops had been withdrawn a half hour.

Lieut. Greble did not spike his gun, but kept it charged in preparing to withdraw his command. The sergeant spiked it after the lieutenant was killed.

Capt. Wilson and Lieut. Warren brought his piece and his corpse from the field. Of 3,500 men who were marched out, probably not more than a thousand were engaged at any one time. Lieut. Greble and the Zouaves were left to fight the battle.

Some one was speaking of the snow in New Hampshire as being three inches deep, when a Vermonter, anxious for the credit of his State, interrupted him with—

"Why, darn it, we don't pretend to use snow in Varmount till it is three years old."

THE REPULSE AT "COUNTY CREEK," OR GREAT BETHEL.

After the perusal of numerous accounts of this unfortunate affair, we give the following as the most reliable:

The attacking force, under Gen. Pierce, of Mass., was composed of regiments from Camp Hamilton, at Hampton, and from Newport News. The regiments were Camp Hamilton's N. Y. Regiment and Col. Townsend's N. Y. Regiment and Col. Benét's Regiment, with two field pieces, in charge of Lieut. Greble, of the regular army. It was a night attack, and when the two columns met they missed each other, and the rebels fully posted up in every movement of the United States troops. He said "he would have one hundred rebel spies in his camp than one newspaper reporter." He said right. The reporters are a nuisance that should be abated at once.

None of the piers of the bridge are damaged, and it is expected the engineers will be able to put up trestle work across, and travel be resumed in three or four days. The road between Baltimore and Harper's Ferry is already open.

The rebels are believed to have fallen back on Manassas Junction—and it is reported that Beauregard will fall back to the next line of defense which begins at Aquia Creek, takes in Fredericksburg and the fortifications north of that city, and then follows the course of the Rappahannock river, in a north-west direction, to a point on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, eight miles north-east of Culpepper. The natural defences of this line are of no ordinary character.

HAUGERTON, June 16.—Several pickets were thrown across the Potowmack last night, opposite Williamsport. The first division, under General Cadwalader, crossed to-day, the bridge, where the battle of Haugertown was fought, is near the head of a branch of Back river, and better known as Great Bethel. After crossing a narrow, but apparently deep stream, the road defiles somewhat to the left along its side. Just beyond the bridge the rebels had planted their battery, consisting of at least one 12 pound rifled cannon and two field pieces. Some accounts count twenty.

The line of the rebel entrenchments then followed the right side of the road, with a ditch only between them. The position was excellently chosen, the stream and morass on the left side of the road widening, rendering futile any attempt to outflank the rebels on that side. The formation of the ground on the right side made a flank movement very circuitous.

The first intimation of their proximity to a battery, was a sharp discharge of artillery upon our Zouaves, who twice attempted to carry the work, but were unable to pass the stream, and were compelled to fall back among the trees. The Zouaves and Col. Townsend's charged the works. Captain Kilpatrick says:—"Captain Winslow, Bartlett and myself charged with our commands in front; Capt. Denike and Lieut. Duryea, son of Col. Duryea, and about two hundred of the Troy Rifles upon the right; Col. Townsend with his men to the left. The enemy were forced out of the first battery, all the forces were rapidly advancing and everything promised a speedy victory, when we were ordered to fall back. Where this order came from I do not know. We maintained our position until Col. Townsend began to retire with his whole command. Being left alone, and no prospects of receiving aid, we ordered the men to fall back, which they did, and in good order, forming in line of battle about one hundred and fifty feet to the rear. A few minutes afterwards orders came from General Pierce to cease firing and retreat."

The retreat was made in good order, no pursuit being attempted by the enemy. The loss was about 15 killed and 40 wounded—among them Lieut. Greble, of Philadelphia, and Major Winthrop and acting secretary to Gen. Butler, and the author of the brilliant Seventh Regiment article in the June number of Atlantic Monthly.

The latest trustworthy report from Old Point Comfort reduces the number of killed in the Bethel skirmish to 12, 7 of whom fell in action, and 5 have since died of wounds. Seven were still missing. The explanation of the slightness of our loss is to be found in the fact, that when our soldiers saw the enemy about to fire, they fell on the faces or backs, jumping up before the enemy could reload, and firing, then fell again in position.

The Zouaves showed great skill in loading while lying on their backs. It is thought by some officers, that the only loss suffered occurred during the collision between our regiments, and while on retreat. The retreat was made in the line of a house, which sheltered the column greatly. It is affirmed that the batteries had been silenced, and would have been taken had not the officers, on account of scarcity of ammunition, pushed in front of the troops and ordered them to retire. Then the fire was reopened. There is the greatest indignation against Gen. Pierce on the part of the men, officers and Gen. Butler. Two officers, one a lieutenant from Albany, have resigned in consequence of the affair.

PHILADELPHIA.—Philadelphia is obtaining a fair share of the honors. The new Quartermaster General of the United States army, to succeed General Jessup, is a son of her

YEARS AGO.

I lean on the railings in the Park,
While my love rides sauntering down the Row,
And the light in her luminous eyes is dark.
With the shadowy dreams of the long ago.

She rides with those dark eyes glancing down
To the little hand on her horse's neck;

Chief bells of the bells of the western town,

How should she weep over one heart's wreck?

Her dropping hair, in a golden haze,
Falls over the arch of her swan-like throat,
Till her small curly seem wandering rays,
And gild the zephyr on which they float.

In the night of her eyes hides a gleam of gold,
Like a jewel under a starless wave;

But even their light is so deathly cold,

That you think of the lost in an ocean grave.

Her chiselled profile against the air
Seems a cameo cut on a purple ground;

And the arched frame of her yellow hair
Is the gold that edges the cameo round.

Does she think of the day when she slowly went
Through the woodland lanes, when the sun
was low;

When the blossoming limes filled the air with
scent;

And we wandered together, years ago?

Has she still the sketch of the grey church
tower,

And the graves in shadow beneath the trees;

With the tufted primroses full in flower,

And the wood, snow-white with anemones?

Does she ever think of the day I knew,

With her palette and pencils in my hand,

When the art we loved, and the love we felt,

Seemed to circle us round with a mystic band?

Does she ever think of the words she said,
"Lo, I cast my rank as I'd cast a glove;
Alone I stand with the mighty dead,
To triumph or die for the art I love."

"Master no longer, my love," she cried;

"Pupil no more, but companion and wife;

The pencil your hand has long helped to guide;

Shall write a great name at the close of life?"

'Twas the transient flash of a holy fire;

I left her alone with her life's fair scheme,

And returned to find the blackened pyre,

And bury the corpse of a dead dream.

Wooed by the sound of an ancient name,

Won by the tinsel of rank and state,

She had left the high road of art and fame,

Took weak to toll to the golden gate.

Was her's the voice that I once heard say,

In the echoing aisles of a woodland dell,

"You might make a hundred dukes as day,

But the age made only one Raphael?"

I scarcely chide her for leaving me,

For what am I but a man as the rest?

But her deepest falsehood I hold to be

That she's false to the genius in her breast.

Not false to herself, but false to the age,

Lost to all time by an infidel doubt,

She crumples and closes the beautiful page,

To show to the world the gay binding without,

So I lean on the railings in the Park,

And I watch her sauntering down the Row;

Till the scene before me grows clouded and dark,

Melting into a vision of years ago.

I count every day of her purposeless life,

The dull round of years that are ever the same;

That might have been spent in a glorious strife;

Leaving a century marked with her name.

MY UNCLE'S HANDBOOK.

"After all, young man, there is nothing like experience."

"Experience! Experience! I would I had never heard the word! 'Trust to my experience' is the eternal cry of age to youth. But I maintain that youth is a hundred times better off without it."

On hearing this astonishing verdict, five guests assembled in a drawing room after a bachelor dinner, looked up with surprise the mortal daring enough to utter a heresy so contrary to all received opinions.

"Still you must admit," replied, after a pause, the first speaker, a gray-haired officer, "that experience is a precious talisman, when rightly applied."

"Ah, who knows?" rejoined the other, who was a young man barely five and twenty; "but if not too tedious, let me relate you the history of my own."

All signified their eagerness to listen to the exposition of so strange a theory, and he resumed:

"Four years ago, gentlemen, at 9 o'clock in the morning, I left my native town for the great metropolis. My Uncle Thomas, an excellent man, who, from my earliest recollection, had never lost sight of me, accompanied me on the platform, and the train was on the very point of starting, when, grasping my hand, he gazed over and over again, 'Good-bye, Alfred, good-bye; and, above all, do not forget my handbook! Remember my handbook!'

"To explain this, I must tell you that the day before leaving my uncle called me into his study, and spoke to me as follows:

"'Alfred, I am getting in years; I have a house, £2,000 a year, a nephew, and the gout. I watch over my house with care, my means with economy, my gout with pain, and yourself, my boy, with pleasure. It is my wish to leave you all I possess, except the gout, but, before doing this, I wish you to complete your education by some knowledge of London life. You shall start tomorrow by the first train, and remain in London until I call you home. Combine amusement with instruction, and see as much as you can of the world. Still, my dear boy, as London is a place where a man ought always to be on his guard, I have resolved on providing you with arms. Take this book! It contains the fruits of my long experience. In it you will find a protection against the snares that will beset your youth in the great city; there have I noted all the observations acquired by a knowledge of men and things, and I have named it my Handbook. When you have entered on the slippery path which lies before you take no step without first consulting it. Hope it. You will thank me on your return.'

"Thus it is, gentlemen, that I left by the train at nine o'clock, and why my Uncle Thomas reiterated up to the last moment his pressing recommendations.

"You may fancy how my heart beat the first time I trod the pavement of Piccadilly, though I could hardly refrain from looking for the concealed traps that might lie upon its polished surface. However, I soon took courage. What had the possessor of 'my Uncle's Handbook' to fear?

"A week had hardly glided by when, thanks to the letters of introduction with which I was provided, I made my *début* at a fashionable party.

"Up to the present I see no great misfortune," interrupted the gray-haired officer.

"Patience—the critical moment is at hand. Amongst those present I had remarked from the first a young man of most prepossessing appearance—about my own age—polished in his manners, and talented, as his conversation plainly showed. On his part he seemed equally pleased with myself, and, before the evening was over, we were the best friends in the world, and it was agreed we should dine together the next day. However, before going further, I remembered my uncle's advice, and, on my return home, opened the famous handbook at the article 'Friends.'

"The paragraph ran thus:

"Friends. To distrust London friendship. Not to be too easily led away by the advances of strangers. Particularly to shun those who, with fascinating manners, seem to take a fancy to you at your first interview. As a general rule, such are mere adventurers who want to borrow money of you."

"Forewarned is forearmed. When, the next day, my intimating young friend presented himself at my door he was told that I had changed my lodgings, leaving no address.

"This was No. 1.

"My time being my own, I had ventured on a few timid attempts in literature. Verses naturally were among them, an unpublished volume, and a play, as I thought, completely unknown. But things, somehow, do come to light, I hardly know how, and, one evening at a party I gave in my own room, I was asked to repeat a mere trifle—sonnet. At first I refused, but was overpersuaded. My play and three sonnets all passed the ordeal.

"It was a perfect triumph!—compliments, thanks, applause! I was retiring to bed in ecstasy, when the inexorable Handbook rushed to tarry thoughts. I opened it at the word 'Compliments.'

"'Compliments,' it sneered; 'never to believe one word of the praises of the world. True merit never excites anything but envy—the more you are praised, the less should you think of yourself.'

"Which means clearly," I thought, with a sigh, 'that I am a perfect nonentity. My poor verse!' to judge by your reception, you are but sorry things.' I bade farewell to my dreams of literary fame. My MSS. did not take five minutes in burning.

"This was No. 2.

"I now turned my thoughts on acquiring wealth. Fortunately, a merchant, to whom I had been introduced as a most successful speculator, had condescended to express great approbation of a plan I had conceived, and had expressed himself most kindly towards me. Giving me his card, he added:

"Come and see me to-morrow; we will talk over all this together, and as you appear intelligent—these words are his—I may be able to get you a share in a most lucrative affair."

"This was No. 3.

"I now turned my thoughts on acquiring wealth. Fortunately, a merchant, to whom I had been introduced as a most successful speculator, had condescended to express great approbation of a plan I had conceived, and had expressed himself most kindly towards me. Giving me his card, he added:

"As I was preparing the next morning to keep this appointment, a thought crossed my mind—I had forgotten to consult the Handbook. I turned over its leaves impatiently until I came to the word 'Business.'

"Business. On this point more than on any other mistrust is a most necessary quality. Speculations are double operations—cheats on one side, dupes on the other. Rule without an exception. Should any speculation be proposed to you, deem it worthless; otherwise it would not be offered you, as men prefer keeping the good things of this world for themselves."

"On reading these lines, I sincerely beseeched the uncle who had snatched my nephew from such imminent danger. As for the merchant, I need hardly say that not only I never went to his house, but when I met him accidentally, I turned my head away to avoid recognizing him. A wretch who lived on dopes!

"This was No. 3.

"I think I was just twenty-one. Who, at that age, can help falling in love? How beautiful Flora was! how full of candor, innocence, and modest grace! I thought, too, she was not quite insensible to my devotion. Indeed, some stolen words and glances had almost converted doubt into certainty. I was told she had but slight expectations, but I should have been ashamed to have made that a consideration. I determined on making my sentiments known to her the next day. But, first, the Handbook lay open on me.

"Love—Marriage. A snare to catch fools! To dread, like the plague, the soft glances and modest airs of portentous girls. This is one of the commonest kinds of trickery!"

"Trickery! There was the word. Was I to allow myself to be tricked? How exact the description! 'Soft glances,' 'modest airs,' 'portentous.' Very nearly so—what an escape! Without my uncle's Handbook, what would have become of me?

"When I met her again, my withering contempt proved that her unworthy stratagem was discovered.

"This was No. 4.

"Yet that evening I was exasperated without knowing why. I wanted to be revenged on somebody. It so happened that every one was enthusiastic in the praises of a certain Baron, in whom I suspected a rival. 'A baron—baron?' I said, with a sneer; 'titles sometimes no more real than their supposed owner's diamonds.' A phrase borrowed verbatim from my uncle's wise Handbook.

"As ill-luck would have it, the Baron in



HALL'S DRINKING TUBE.

We here present an illustration of the first desired to take out the sponge for the purpose of cleansing it.

With a tube four feet or less in length, the whole apparatus is so compact that it may be carried without inconvenience in the pocket, and the material of which it is composed is not subject to injury, breakage or decay, while it enables the apparatus to be furnished at a trifling cost. This little instrument will be found equally convenient for travellers, hunters and surveyors, as well as for soldiers, for whom, at the present time, it is specially adapted.

The patent for this invention was procured through the Scientific American Patent Agency, and further information in relation to it may be obtained by addressing the patentee, Henry A. Hall, at Boston, Mass.

HER BONNET-STRING.

BY A FIREMAN ZOUAVE.

I.

Do you see that ribbon? You wouldn't think

That piece of ribbon was worth to me

A pile of ribbon of green and pink,

Enough to rig up our company.

II.

No, not if you'd give me a waggon!

You'd coax that ribbon and me to part!

Not enough to rig up and ropes to pull

That pet I run with, the "Nine" hose cart.

III.

You'd think I queer that I hang so tight

To that ere ribbon. Of course you've seen

And solve I, often an awful sight

Of prettier ribbon than that has been.

IV.

It isn't the ribbon, you know, you see—

That old blue ribbon, not two feet long,

That makes such a curious chap of me.

I don't like ribbon—I mean, not strong.

V.

See here! I'll tell you what makes me stick

To that piece of ribbon—the simple thing:

See there! do you know it? I call that stick;

That's Ellen Eliza's bonnet-string.

VI.

As you are a man, and I am a man,

You'll know my feelings for that ere thing:

It's queer, but wonder I never can

From Ellen Eliza's bonnet-string.

VII.

The POWER OF LOVE.—To the hearts of

all us women love is a necessity; and a man

who understands that has a power in his

hand. Many have neglected it, and many

have grossly misused it. Where and how

your husband failed it is not for me to decide;

one thing only will I say to you. My

THE OLD FARM GATE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

The old farm gate is shattered and gray,
The nails from its braces have rusted away,
And the old post leans, as it drags around,
With staggering movement and moaning sound.

The old man leans on his old gate now,
And white locks stray round his neck and brow,
And his bent knees press 'gainst the shattered
thing.

While his shrivelled hands to its top rail cling.

The maple boughs high over his head,
Have a few green leaves in their tufts of red,
And the flowers that late by the pathway lay,
Have seen the frost angel and gone away.

Why standeth he there while the chill breeze
sighs?

And the yellow birch leaves rush eddying by?
Ah, he thinks of a morning like Eden bright,
When that old gate was new, and his form up-
right.

'Twas the last and the most luxuriant day
Of the balmy and beautiful month of May;
The bird songs sounded the balmy breeze,
And the garlands hung low from the generous
trees.

And the lawn was gay with a motley crowd,
Whose glad hearts ran over with laughter loud;
From the gray grandair in his cushioned chair,
To the rolicking infant, the world was there.

The small girls waited in white robes of pride,
With baskets of flowers for the beautiful bride;
And the boys in groups to the farm gate clung,
And shouted their rapture, as wide it swung.

That morning in morn's midday pride,
He led to the altar a fair young bride;
Each ready to swear in love's holy faith,
For better, for worse, till the hour of death.

The young bride came, with a mien so meek,
And the pale, pale rose tint was on her cheek,
And the sunbeams that fell on her chestnut hair,
Changed all to gold, and stayed trembling there.

* * * * *

The bars of that gate were strong and white,
Its post was firm, and its hinges bright,
When a dark robed train, with sobbing song,
Down from the farm-house passed along.

And who did they bear to their rest that day,
Through the open gate, down the churchyard
way?

A wife—a mother—ah, woe! woe! woe!
The bride of so few short years ago.

The husband had loved the world's charms till
then,
He forsook them now, and his fellow men;
And every evening he prayed and wept,
By the blossomed turf, where his river heart
slept.

And now he but comes to the old farm gate,
And seems to listen, and watch, and wait,
For the wing of the angel that tarries near,
And the foot of the neighbors that bear the bier.

Adrian, Michigan.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXXI.

Lord Kingswood, after quitting Kingswood Hall, made his way at a rambling pace, and in a thoughtful mood, across the park to Kingswood Chace.

As he entered its precincts his dog put up a bird, and he mechanically raised his gun to his shoulder, fired, and the bird fell dead.

He smiled, and muttered—"Not so bad a shot! Neither eye nor hand have lost their cunning yet. A true eye and a steady hand are valuable adjuncts to skill in handling a weapon. I wonder if my dexterity with the pistol is at fault. I could at one time hit a mark at fourteen paces, with the word given as quick as thought, unerringly. It would be as well to get up that proficiency, I may need it."

His brow contracted, and his teeth set together, as the cold, impassive features of the Marquis of Chillingham rose up in visionary form before him.

"It is strange," he continued, broodingly, "that these torturing suspicions should only lately have taken possession of my mind. I may have been foolish long since. If I have, I'll shoot him as I would a mongrel cur. But it cannot be. At best her jealous misgivings are but suspicious. She has no proofs—no proofs! Let her rage, and storm, and vow, and surmise as she may, she will be unable to confirm her grim and frenzied imaginings. So will I tell her in the morning. I must be bold and firm with her, and I will. I will both dare and defy her if she continues obstinate and hostile. It is, indeed, my only proper course now; with all the damning evidence against me secure in my own possession, I must strike a blow and free myself at once and for ever from these disquieting energies. I have drawn the teeth of that wolf Vernon, and I can face him and laugh his menaces and his proceedings to scorn."

Thus ruminating, he paused not in his progress until he reached the old hunting-lodge. He gazed up at it, and a singular feeling of awe stole over him as he looked upon the lichen-covered stones and the dark ivy climbing in wild luxuriance wherever it listed. The place, so old, stood like a time darkened memorial of evil deeds, and so it seemed in his eyes.

"From the hour that it was the scene of a foul murder," he exclaimed, acrimoniously, "it has been the bane and curse of our race. It was here I first saw her face of more than mortal beauty, and how much of happiness has that fatal rencontre cost me!—nay, what happiness have I really enjoyed since that

hour! I have been constantly haunted by the expectation of what has since befallen. Had a lightning-shaft hurried this accursed building into a heap of blackened ruins ere I beheld her, I should have been happy. But it shall stand no longer; I'll have it levelled to the earth ere it is a week older, and no more shall the Wonder of Kingswood Chace cause the ruin of any future Kingwood of Kingswood."

As he concluded, he turned his eyes from the old loopholed window to the doorway, and then started back as if he beheld an apparition. Old Eldra stood there, bowed and trembling, like one palsied. Her white face was turned towards him, and her brilliant eyes seemed to glitter and coruscate as they concentrated their force upon him. A cold, deadly thrill ran over his frame, crawling, creeping, vibrating, as it searched out every nerve in his body. More than twenty years had passed away since he had seen her. Then she was haggard, wrinkled, and silverlocked. She was but the same now, save that she appeared more aged, ghostlier, ghastlier than he had ever seen her.

"Eldra!" burst from his lips.

"Aye," she cried, "Lord of Kingwood, it would be wonderful if your eyes had failed to remember my face. What seek you here, another victim?"

"Eldra," he exclaimed, recovering some of his self-possession, "reproaches and invectives are alike vain now; the immutable past cannot be affected by objurations or by curses. I have sinned. I would have expiated my offence, but—" He paused.

"But what, Lord Kingswood?" demanded Eldra, sharply.

"But that fate placed me in a position wherein the power was denied me," he replied, hesitating.

"You murmur that in a tone of one who speaks falsely," responded the old woman. "You might have expiated your first crime by acknowledging your wife and by placing her as Lady Kingwood beneath the roof she was legally as morally entitled to share with you. Fate could not deny you the power of performing an act of justice. Pride—poor, hollow, mistaken pride—did; and it precipitated you into the more revolting crime of murder."

"Woman, this is mere frenzy," cried Lord Kingswood. "My hand was never yet guilty of such a horrible crime."

"Lord Kingwood, your hand, like those of all of your race, is blood-encrusted," returned Eldra, speaking with vehemence. "You know whose blood you drew! You know in whose breast you plunged a 'hunter's knife'."

"Peace, woman! that was but a sudden ebullition of passion, which had no fatal termination," he interposed, sternly.

"Lord Kingwood, your hand, like those of one who speaks falsely," responded the old woman. "You might have expiated your first crime by acknowledging your wife and by placing her as Lady Kingwood beneath the roof she was legally as morally entitled to share with you. Fate could not deny you the power of performing an act of justice. Pride—poor, hollow, mistaken pride—did; and it precipitated you into the more revolting crime of murder."

"Woman, this is mere frenzy," cried Lord Kingswood. "My hand was never yet guilty of such a horrible crime."

"Lord Kingwood, your hand, like those of all of your race, is blood-encrusted," returned Eldra, speaking with vehemence. "You know whose blood you drew! You know in whose breast you plunged a 'hunter's knife'."

"Peace, woman! that was but a sudden ebullition of passion, which had no fatal termination," he interposed, sternly.

"Lord Kingwood, your hand, like those of one who speaks falsely," responded the old woman. "You might have expiated your first crime by acknowledging your wife and by placing her as Lady Kingwood beneath the roof she was legally as morally entitled to share with you. Fate could not deny you the power of performing an act of justice. Pride—poor, hollow, mistaken pride—did; and it precipitated you into the more revolting crime of murder."

"Woman, this is mere frenzy," cried Lord Kingswood. "My hand was never yet guilty of such a horrible crime."

"Lord Kingwood, your hand, like those of all of your race, is blood-encrusted," returned Eldra, speaking with vehemence. "You know whose blood you drew! You know in whose breast you plunged a 'hunter's knife'."

"Peace, woman! that was but a sudden ebullition of passion, which had no fatal termination," he interposed, sternly.

"Lord Kingwood, your hand, like those of one who speaks falsely," responded the old woman. "You might have expiated your first crime by acknowledging your wife and by placing her as Lady Kingwood beneath the roof she was legally as morally entitled to share with you. Fate could not deny you the power of performing an act of justice. Pride—poor, hollow, mistaken pride—did; and it precipitated you into the more revolting crime of murder."

"Woman, this is mere frenzy," cried Lord Kingswood. "My hand was never yet guilty of such a horrible crime."

"Lord Kingwood, your hand, like those of all of your race, is blood-encrusted," returned Eldra, speaking with vehemence. "You know whose blood you drew! You know in whose breast you plunged a 'hunter's knife'."

"Peace, woman! that was but a sudden ebullition of passion, which had no fatal termination," he interposed, sternly.

"Lord Kingwood, your hand, like those of one who speaks falsely," responded the old woman. "You might have expiated your first crime by acknowledging your wife and by placing her as Lady Kingwood beneath the roof she was legally as morally entitled to share with you. Fate could not deny you the power of performing an act of justice. Pride—poor, hollow, mistaken pride—did; and it precipitated you into the more revolting crime of murder."

"Woman, this is mere frenzy," cried Lord Kingswood. "My hand was never yet guilty of such a horrible crime."

"Lord Kingwood, your hand, like those of all of your race, is blood-encrusted," returned Eldra, speaking with vehemence. "You know whose blood you drew! You know in whose breast you plunged a 'hunter's knife'."

"Peace, woman! that was but a sudden ebullition of passion, which had no fatal termination," he interposed, sternly.

"Lord Kingwood, your hand, like those of all of your race, is blood-encrusted," responded the old woman. "You might have expiated your first crime by acknowledging your wife and by placing her as Lady Kingwood beneath the roof she was legally as morally entitled to share with you. Fate could not deny you the power of performing an act of justice. Pride—poor, hollow, mistaken pride—did; and it precipitated you into the more revolting crime of murder."



SPORTS OF VOLUNTEERS, "THE GIANT BRIGADE."

Soldiers in camp must have amusement—and therefore all innocent ones will be encouraged by a good commander. They tend to keep up a good flow of blood and cheerful

state of mind, which not only keep the spirit "in good heart," but the body in health and vigor. "The Giant Brigade," as above, makes an imposing appearance.

blood, adorned with beauty, innocence, truthfulness, to be lawful prey to the profligate of your class because it is humble? Shall purity, goodness, guileless loveliness, have no protection from the heartless machinations of a well-born libertine, because the blood which gives life and animation to those virtues springs not through a dozen descents from an illustrious fount? Are the chastity, the serenity, the happiness of the gently born to be sacred from pollution only because they are of a higher degree than some of their fellow-creatures? Does gentle birth constitute the pale wherein defilement dare not show its face, while it stalks rampant among the manner born? My lord, the line of demarcation you have drawn should be transformed into a rope wherewith to hang the villain who adopts it. We live not in feudal times, Lord Kingwood. Even at that period, when the fetters of servitude were tightly riveted, when the lord was paramount, the principle was held to be cruel; in these days it is criminal. It is a ruffian's reasoning; but base and contemptible as it is, it will not serve you, for Eldra, seemingly a mere child of the forest, was as noble born as yourself."

Lord Kingwood looked upon her with gloomy surprise. "What mean you?" he said.

Eldra, who wrought the doom which clings yet to all who bear the name. Stay your hand, for the end is nigh—the dawn has appeared."

Lord Kingwood looked upon her with gloomy surprise. "What mean you?" he said.

The blood of the living Erie of Kingswood has commingled with that of the dead Lady Maud, the Maiden of the Chace," she replied, in tones which thrilled him. "Uneffaced through hundreds of years, a gory patch of the blood of your ancestress and mine has gleamed and stained the walls of yonder staircase. No hand has rested on it, no garment has brushed it till yesterday, when your son and Erie's, Erie Kingwood, a Kingwood by the blood of both parents, unwittingly placed his hand on the sickening, ensanguined smear, brightly crimson, moist, wet, as though spilt but a moment previously; it dabbed his fair hand. With a wild cry, under some unearthly inspiration, he gashed his flesh, so that the two bloods commingled, and he exclaimed, exultingly, "I am he whose blood shall mingle with that of Lady Maud's!" Even as he uttered those words the portrait of Erie, Lord of Kingswood, which hung for centuries immovable upon the wall in the murder-room above, glided from its place, and descended with a loud crash, so that Erie of Kingswood of three hundred years ago stood face to face with Erie of Kingwood of to-day!"

Lord Kingwood listened with the aspect of one who hears dread tidings—the fulfillment of some long anticipated and feared prophecy. A pallor overspread his features, and a strange faintness for the moment seized him; his eye was fixed on the corpse-like features of the aged woman, and though he would have removed it, she seemed, by some power of fascination, to hold it there.

"You, my lord," she continued, as he remained silent, "are not ignorant of the portent of those occurrences. No Kingwood who has succeeded to the title has ever been able to escape or evade the inheritance which appertains to it. I speak of the traditions of your House, my lord, their menaces and their presages. Hitherto their dark prophecies have been fulfilled, and why not those that promise a happier future to one who must succeed you—he, the son of the wronged, outraged Erie?"

Lord Kingwood bit his lips and frowned. "He who will succeed me," he said, "is the son of Lady Kingwood."

"Aye, truly; for though unacknowledged, Erie Kingwood was Lady Kingwood by her marriage with you," cried Eldra. "Ere long your lordship shall be furnished with so much of her unfortunate history as yet you are ignorant of. If the crime of having betrayed and broken the heart of a young and innocent girl has brought no compunction to your merciless soul, the revelations which await you respecting her may inflict a wound where alone you are vulnerable—your pride. Let me counsel you, my lord, with the many wrongs it has from time to time been compelled to endure, but my mind is as clear as when it first awoke to a sense of the shameful ruin brought upon me by one of our race. But what I have stated, Lord Kingwood of Kingswood, depends not upon the speculations of a wandering brain, or assertions coined under the smart of bitter wrongs; my assertions can be supported, and they shall be by proofs. Lady Kingwood shall judge between us, and herself eliminate the truth from my evidence and your denials."

"My body is feeble with age, my spirit with the many wrongs it has from time to time been compelled to endure, but my mind is as clear as when it first awoke to a sense of the shameful ruin brought upon me by one of our race. But what I have stated, Lord Kingwood of Kingswood, depends not upon the speculations of a wandering brain, or assertions coined under the smart of bitter wrongs; my assertions can be supported, and they shall be by proofs. Lady Kingwood shall judge between us, and herself eliminate the truth from my evidence and your denials."

"Silence, fool," interposed Lord Kingwood, wrathfully. "The past must be buried in oblivion. She is dead. With her dies all memory of what then transpired. I will suffer no living being to resuscitate those miserable circumstances. I will acknowledge none so son but him who bears thy name and is known to the world as my son."

"Such is your fixed resolve?" said Eldra, with a stern and steadfast gaze upon him.

"My unalterable determination," he retorted.

"Then is my resolution taken!" she exclaimed, with a sharp and pointed emphasis.

"What that may be I little care," he rejoined. "Whate'er it is must be carried out elsewhere; this lodge has already wrought mischief enough, and it shall remain as it stands but a few days longer. I therefore direct you to quit it. Take with you, if you will, what there is within it, and depart, for I will not now rest while one alone stands upon another."

"Nor after it, Lord Kingwood," cried Eldra, with a shrill laugh. She pointed her white and skinny finger at him. "You are doomed," she added, with a tone and gesture which made his flesh creep. "There will be misery beneath your roof, misery beyond it. Your pride shall be trampled on, your most cherished projects thwarted. Your brain shall be racked with tortures of suspicion and mistrust. You shall henceforth know no peace, and happiness will be to you a chimera. Go, thou doomed! The curse of our race clings to you; it will encircle your limbs like the folds of a serpent; with its venomous breath it will poison the atmosphere around you, and will at last paralyze, choke, destroy you. Go, accused! In her name I bid you wander, with torturing care racking your brain and agony crushing your heart. Shunning and shunned shall you pass on for a brief time, and be no longer a Kingswood when the brand of murderer—Kingswood brand—is stamped on your brow. Go!"

The aged woman, who spoke with great energy and in a tone which, in spite of his wish to treat her rhapsody with contempt, affected him with a species of awe, pointed with her stick in the direction of Kingswood Hall, and then re-entering the lodge, closed the door behind her with a loud noise, leaving him standing alone.

In some familiar, frequented place, and under the ordinary circumstances of every day life, the language and the conduct of Eldra would have provoked from him probably nothing more than a burst of indignant ridicule. In the depths of that wild old Chace, and under the shadow of that frowning, ancient building, her words and her gestures assumed an aspect which inspired with him a species of dread awe. Her appearance was well calculated to strengthen this painful impression; her long, hoary locks, her colorless, wrinkled face, her piercingly bright eyes gleaming beneath her shaggy brow, her eldritch laugh, and her singular energy, both of voice and action, combined with her own knowledge that she was a member of his own race, resident within that ghostly tenement by a right as good as that which made him Lord of Kingwood, caused him compulsorily to listen to her denunciation with that kind of inward apprehension which secretly assured him, though such measures and prognostications might appear wild and improbable, they would be fulfilled.

His object in visiting this old hunting-lodge was at present unfulfilled; his intention had been to examine it carefully within ere he resigned it into the hands of workmen, who might discover strange things, which would enable them to set the neighboring villages alive with their superstitions gossip. He, before he reached it, entertained doubts as to whether it was inhabited; if he found it so, he quite expected that it gave shelter only to some wretched creatures who had no other home, and who could be dispossessed and sent to starve in some other part of the country beyond the precincts of his estate. He did not expect to find Eldra alive; her appearance dismayed him, not because she had mentally allotted her, but because she knew that portion of his history he would have had buried in oblivion. She could prove a formidable ally to Vernon, and probably would, for he was not only conscious of her existence, but he had really for some years lived the life of a recluse with her in this old tower.

Lord Kingwood bit his lips and frowned. "He who will succeed me," he said, "is the son of Lady Kingwood."

of the future, he decided to visit Eric, and broach the subject which he intended to leave to the skillful management of Sir Harry Stanhope to work out.

Then it was that he—when night had fairly set in, and the moon's pale beams were streaming over the far landscape and flooding it with light—bearing a taper, made his way to the antique portion of the building, where Eric had been placed by his orders.

On reaching it, he heard the sound of a voice uttering expressions in a loud, rattling tone, and he was inexplicably annoyed and disgusted to find Philip Avon, standing without the door of Eric's prison, leaning on it with his fist, and using language which was not only outrageously insulting in its character, but was coarse and vulgar in its construction. Withal it was plain that Philip had been indulging in an excess of wine.

Lord Kingwood checked his intemperate expressions and said, haughtily: "I am surprised to find you here, Mr. Avon."

"You should not be, my lord," returned Philip, trying to steady himself. "There are several reasons why I should come hither. You remember, my lord, that you promised me that this door should be watched. I find no one here in charge of it."

"A man has been placed here," said Lord Kingwood.

"Aye, has been, that I know; for I have been here before to night to test him," returned Philip. "An insolent scoundrel! I found him, but for that I forgive him, because he obeyed orders. You see, however, that he is no longer here now darkness has set in. The fool believes, no doubt, in ghosts, and has run away, leaving your precious protégé to stop or go as he pleases."

"The man had my permission to depart; the door is locked, and his presence here is no longer necessary," said Lord Kingwood, sternly.

"There I beg your pardon," answered Philip Avon, with a coarse laugh; "a love-letter can be put beneath the door, or through the keyhole, and that is just what I am here to prevent."

"I do not comprehend you," exclaimed Lord Kingwood, with a frown.

"You are hard of belief, my lord; I am not," rejoined Philip Avon, with a sneer. "I hope you will acknowledge that young people will fall in love. Your lordship has been in love, I dare say; at least, I suppose Lady Kingwood thought so once."

"You are rude, sir," interposed Lord Kingwood.

"I suppose I am," observed Philip. "You are not the only individual who has favored me with that piece of information; but if I am rude I am truthful. Now, most young people fall in love, they don't know why. I love Lady Maud, and I cannot tell why. She dislikes me, that I know, and snubs me, as Lady Kingwood knows. Yet she is a handsome, aristocratic dear little beauty; and so I love her. Well, my lord, she may be in love without being in love with me, though she is bound to love me; and she may not be able to tell why. Now, when people are in love, they are very apt to follow their inclinations without caring much what is really to be done. I am more strongly suspect that that is the case with Lady Maud."

"Mr. Avon—sir. What would you dare to insinuate?" cried Lord Kingwood, hotly.

"Against Lady Maud, nothing," he rejoined. "I would throttle the fellow that breathed a derogatory suspicion against her. Yet, being in love, she might in innocence commit herself without a thought of doing wrong. Suppose, now, at this moment, she were in that room with your prepossessing young friend, Mr. Gower?"

"Preposterous!" Mr. Avon, cried Lord Kingwood.

"Well, not so preposterous," rejoined Philip Avon. "If I did not love her, I should think nothing wonderful in her paying a visit to a young fellow she happened to be fond of; but as I do love her, if I found her alone in that room with him, I'd wrench his heart out of his body. And as I am not altogether satisfied that Lady Maud is not in that room, I request you, my lord, to open it and search it with me; and then, since none of your servants have the courage to stay here during the midnight hours, when the ghosts run out, I will occupy the post, and show you in the morsing your prisoner as he was left in my charge—without the power to escape, I promise you."

There was a peculiarly vindictive tone in which the last words were uttered, that ought not to have escaped the ear of Lord Kingwood, but he did not appear to heed it.

"You are filled with unreasoning jealousies and absurd suspicions," responded Lord Kingwood; "but I am inclined to think lightly of such emotions, because they too often accompany vehement passion. The sooner you discard those feelings the better will it be for your happiness. However, in order to relieve your mind, and to prove to you the unkind error you have fallen into, we will together visit Lady Maud St. Clair's apartments. A word with her, will, I presume, set at rest your unhappy presentiments."

"So far as the visiting is concerned, my lord, but not the notes," returned Philip Avon; "but that part of the discovery, if any discovery is to be made, you may leave to me. I thank your lordship for the suggestion. We will pay Lady Maud a visit. The hour is late, but her ladyship will pardon us when she knows that the occasion of disturbing her springs from my passionate love for her."

Lord Kingwood was unconscious how much circumstances of late had changed him. There was a time, and not so long since, when such a sense as this could never have occurred. He would not only not have permitted Philip Avon, in his excited condition, to have had an interview with Lady Maud, but he would not have tolerated his presence there.

Now, with feelings of repugnance, it is true, he conducted him towards the apart-

ments of Lady Maud. He had a vague impression that it was greatly opposed to his interests to quarrel with Philip Avon, and he saw that he was fiery, rash, and impetuous, quite as ready for contention or a brawl as for amicable relations; he performed, therefore, without demur an act from which he would at another period of his life shrink with aversion.

Eric and Lady Maud stood within the room motionless, listening to the above colloquy. Lady Maud clung to Eric like one paralyzed. The voice of Philip Avon seemed to fill her with indescribable terror, nor was the presence of Lord Kingwood the subject of less fright; she trembled violently, and seemed as though she would sink to the floor in a swoon.

Once only Eric addressed her, and then in a whisper: "Fear not, beloved," he said; "no harm shall or can come to thee which thou needest fear. I love thee too well to leave thee to the attacks of tyranny or the stings of insult. Come, what may, I will be ever near thee to shield, protect thee, and afford thee a haven within my arms—come what may! And then, Maud, dearest, it shall be upon such terms that, if it brings a blush to your cheek, it shall be one of pride and joy!"

"That promise will I grant to you on three conditions," said Lord Kingwood.

"Name them," replied Philip, quickly.

"That when I open the door you do not cross the threshold; that when you see Mr. Gower you do not address him; and then, when I enter the room, you will at once quit Kingwood Hall."

"I consent," said Philip Avon, laconically.

Lord Kingwood turned the key in the lock and opened the door. But simultaneously uttered an exclamation, but the sound which Lord Kingwood uttered was more like a shriek. Eric Kingwood stood erect with stern aspect awaiting his visitors; he had heard them without the door, and he anticipated a meeting of a character which could not be otherwise than painful to him.

He knew not what insults and outrage in the shape of scoffs, taunts, perhaps blows, he might be subjected to, but he set his heart boldly to undergo the ordeal, and was more collected and composed than might have been expected. To Philip Avon he intended to hurl back scorn for scorn, to Lord Kingwood—he knew not what. If it was possible to form a belief out of the crude material at his command respecting his birth, he felt that he must regard Lord Kingwood as his father, but unknown all the past, having but a vague impression of the real wrongs he—

she who bore him—had endured at the hands of Lord Kingwood, he felt that he could only be guided in his conduct by Lord Kingwood's treatment of him.

The moonbeams rested on his pale face, and his eyes gleamed like stars from beneath his dark brows. Lord Kingwood remembered a portion of the tradition of his House as he gazed on the face of this youth, so extraordinarily like the portrait in the gallery, so remarkably like himself, as it gleamed in the moonbeams, and he felt as faint as death.

For a moment he caught at the door post and supported himself. To consign this boy, un-

acknowledged, to some distant land, seemed like fighting against inexorable fate. Yet withal, he made a desperate effort to recover himself, and said—"Mr. Gower!"

"I am here, my lord," was the calm reply.

Lord Kingwood turned to Philip Avon, but he had departed. He looked down the corridor, but could perceive no trace of him.

Then he re-entered the chamber, to pro-

pose plans, to lay temptation in Eric's path, to reason, beguile, deceive, and betray him, feeling yet refusing to acknowledge it even to himself, that the great and terrible denouement, which not only would entirely change the position and the future history of his House, but determine his own fate, was close at hand.

SOUTH CAROLINA THROUGH BRITISH SPECTACLES.

[Mr. Russell, the travelling correspondent of the *London Times*, writes to that journal the following letter. He depicts the secret longings of the Secession leaders for a monarchical government, and thus gives the best evidence of what has been frequently charged against them.]

SOUTH CAROLINA, April 30, 1861.

Nothing I could say could be worth one fact which has forced itself upon my mind in reference to the sentiments which prevail among the gentlemen of this State. I have been among them for several days. I have visited their plantations, I have conversed with them freely and fully, and I have enjoyed that frank, courteous, and graceful intercourse which constitutes an irresistible charm of their society. From all quarters come to my ears the echoes of the same voice; it may be feigned, but there is no discord in the note, and it sounds in wonderful strength and monotony all over the country.

Shades of George III., of North, of Johnson, of all who contended against the great rebellion which took these colonies from England, can you hear the chorus which rings through the State of Marion, Sumter, and Pinckney, and not clasp your ghostly hands in triumph? That voice says, "If we could only get one of the Royal race of England to rule over us, we should be content." Let there be no misconception on this point. That sentiment, variegated in a hundred ways, has been repeated to me over and over again. There is a general admission that the means to such an end are wanting, and the desire cannot be gratified. But the admiration for monarchical institutions, on the English model, for the privileged classes, and for a landed aristocracy and gentry, is undisguised and apparently genuine.

With the pride of having achieved their independence mingled in the South Carolinians' hearts a strange regret at the result and consequences, and many are they who "would go back to-morrow if we could." An intense affection for the British connection, a love of British habits and customs, a respect for British sentiment, law, authority, order, civilization, and literature, pre-eminently distinguishing the inhabitants of this State, who, glorying in their descent from ancient families on the three islands, whose fortunes they still follow, with whom members they maintain not unfrequently familiar relations, regard with an aversion, of which it is impossible to give an idea, to one who has not seen its manifestations, the people of New England and the populations of the Northern States, whom they regard as tainted beyond cure by the venom of "Puritanism."

Whatever may be the cause, this is the fact and the effect. "The State of South Carolina was," I am told, "founded by gentlemen." It was not established by witch-burnings Puritans, by cruel, persecuting fanatics, who implanted in the North the standard of Torquemada, and breathed into the nostrils of their newly-born colonies all the ferocity, blood-thirstiness, and rabid intolerance of the Inquisition. It is absolutely astounding to a stranger who aims at the preservation of a decent neutrality to mark the violence of these opinions. "If that confounded ship had sunk with those—Pilgrim Fathers on board," says one, "we never should have been driven to these extremities." "We could have got on with these fanatics if they had been either Christians or gentlemen," says another; "for, in the first case, they would have acted with common charity, and in the second, they would have fought when they insulted us; but there are neither Christians nor gentlemen among them!" "Anything on the earth," exclaims a third, "any form of government, any tyranny or despotism you will, but"—and here is an appeal more terrible than the abjuration of all the gods—"nothing on earth shall ever induce us to submit to any union with the brutal, bigoted blackguards of the New England States, who neither comprehend nor regard the feelings of gentlemen. Man, woman, and child, we'll die first." Imagine these and an infinite variety of similar sentiments uttered by courtly, well-educated men, who set great store on a nice observance of the usages of society, and who are only moved to extreme bitterness and anger when they speak of the North, and you will fail to conceive of the intensity of the dislike of the South Carolinians for the free States. There are national antipathies on our side of the Atlantic which are tolerably strong, and have been, unfortunately, pertinacious and long-lived. The hatred of the Italian for the Tedesco, of the Greek for the Turk, of the Turk for the Russ, is warm and fierce enough to satisfy the Prince of Darkness, not to speak of a few little pet aversions among allied Powers and the atoms of composite empires; but they are all mere indifference and neutrality of feeling, compared to the animosity evinced by the "gentry" of South Carolina for the "rabble of the North."

The contests of Cavalier and Roundhead, of Vendean and Republican, even of Orange man and Croppy, have been elegant joustings, regulated by the fine rules of chivalry, compared with those which North and South will carry on, if these debts support their words. "Immortal hate, the study of revenge," will activate every blow, and never in the history of the world, perhaps, will go forth such a dreadful *revenge* as that which may be heard before the fight has begun. There is nothing in all the dark caves of human passion so cruel and deadly as the hatred the South Carolinians profess for the Yankee. That hatred has been swelling for years, till it is the very life-blood of the State. It has

been a root of contention for a thousand years.

We must retire. I have resorted with reluctance to a mode of satisfying your jealous imaginings which, under no other circumstance, and for no other person, would I have done. You are, I trust, satisfied, and will be content to return to Hawkesbury at once. Mr. Gower is in my charge; he will be safe in my custody, and to-morrow he will be released from hence forever."

Philip Avon mused moodily for a minute, and then he said—"Let me see that he is still within that room. For ought I know, he may be roaming at will over the Hall."

"Bah!" exclaimed Lord Kingwood, angrily. "The key of the room which holds her is on my library table. I will proceed thither and prove to you that no opportunity has been afforded to Mr. Gower to quit his room, and I declare that none shall be given but with my permission."

Together they proceeded to the library, and upon the table lay the key which Harebell, only a minute before, had deposited there. From thence to the old chamber in the east wing they hastened, and Lord Kingwood placed the key in the lock.

As he was about to turn it a low chuckle of triumph and malice broke on his ear.

AS OBITUARY.—The *Ledger*, of this city, recently contained the following affecting lines—

DEAREST! across the sky,
Our flag floats free!

Millions are called from love, and I
Am called from thee.

O let no pallor weak
Discolor that fair check,

That red with proud, heroic blood appears

When I come back to claim
Thy form and thy dear name,

It will be time enough, my love, for tears!

—TO BE CONTINUED.

DEAREST! across the sky,

Our flag floats free!

Millions are called from love, and I

Am called from thee.

O let no pallor weak

Discolor that fair check,

That red with proud, heroic blood appears

When I come back to claim

Thy form and thy dear name,

It will be time enough, my love, for tears!

—TO BE CONTINUED.

DEAREST! across the sky,
Our flag floats free!

Millions are called from love, and I

Am called from thee.

O let no pallor weak

Discolor that fair check,

That red with proud, heroic blood appears

When I come back to claim

Thy form and thy dear name,

It will be time enough, my love, for tears!

—TO BE CONTINUED.

DEAREST! across the sky,
Our flag floats free!

Millions are called from love, and I

Am called from thee.

O let no pallor weak

Discolor that fair check,

That red with proud, heroic blood appears

When I come back to claim

Thy form and thy dear name,

It will be time enough, my love, for tears!

—TO BE CONTINUED.

DEAREST! across the sky,
Our flag floats free!

Millions are called from love, and I

Am called from thee.

O let no pallor weak

Discolor that fair check,

That red with proud, heroic blood appears

When I come back to claim

Thy form and thy dear name,

It will be time enough, my love, for tears!

—TO BE CONTINUED.

DEAREST! across the sky,
Our flag floats free!

Millions are called from love, and I

Am called from thee.

O let no pallor weak

Discolor that fair check,

That red with proud, heroic blood appears

When I come back to claim

MILITARY MATTERS.

CARE FOR SOLDIERS AN IMPORTANT MATTER.—In the Crimea the troops which resisted privations and fatigue most successfully, were those commanded by colonels who were careful of their soldiers. For example.—Of two regiments which left the camp of St. Omer at the same time, arrived together in the Crimea, (in the month of October, 1855,) encamped side by side, having submitted to the same atmospheric vicissitudes and performed like service, one of them had preserved, on the 1st of April, 1855, 2,224 soldiers, out of a force of 2,676 men; whilst the other, with a force of 2,327 men, had left it only 1,239. This account includes those who died from disease and not from wounds received in battle. In the navy the commander of a vessel watches over the composition of the food of the crew, and moreover, respects scrupulously the hour for breakfast and that for dinner; never is it delayed, anticipated or interrupted.

It is desirable that the same scruples should pervade the army, and that these wise measures for the preservation of health should never be infringed without a clear and absolute necessity.

Rewards are given to colonels of cavalry in whose squadrons is preserved the greatest number of horses, and results in an excellent and profitable emulation. Similar results, but still more important and happy, would be experienced, if like rewards were bestowed upon the colonels whose battalions were distinguished for the healthy condition of the men.—*Translated from La Guerre de Crimée, etc., by L. Baudouin, inspecteur, Membre du Conseil des Armées.*

GENERAL MANFOLD.—General Joseph K. F. Mansfield, now in command of the forces at Washington, and who is reported at the head of a very important expedition planned for speedy execution, is a native of Connecticut, from whence he entered West Point, in 1817, to graduate 1822, second in his class. This gave him a commission in the engineer corps, and when "Old Zach" went to Mexico, Capt. Mansfield was selected as the chief engineer of the army of occupation. His services at the defence of Fort Brown, at Monterrey, (where he was severely wounded in storming the enemy's position,) and at Buena Vista, won him brevets and fame. In 1853, he was appointed Inspector General, with the rank of colonel. He has been promoted to a generalship within a short time. "Perley" describes him as a "soldier-like gentleman, with a full white beard, which gives him a patriarchal air;" and says he is "brave but discreet, a thorough tactician, and an accomplished military engineer."

GENERAL MCLELLAN.—Major General George B. McLellan commands the military department of the great north-west, and will probably move down in the direction of the Mississippi river or western Virginia, as the war opens. He is a native of Philadelphia, and is under forty years of age. He graduated at West Point with the highest distinction; thence he was transferred to Mexico, under Gen. Scott, where, for his valor, he was twice brevetted. After the war he was associated with Capt. Marcy in the exploration of the sources of the Red river, and was subsequently transferred to Oregon. He was then appointed on the Crimean commission, which enabled him personally to inspect the military systems of all the great European Powers, England, France, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and to witness the operations of war under the highest scientific attainments and on a grand scale. He thus became one of the best educated officers in the service. For the last three years he has been the executive head of the great Illinois Central Railroad. He is at once prudent and resolute.

COLONEL PRENTISS.—Col. B. M. Prentiss, who has the command of the United States forces at Cairo, and is, therefore, likely to be called into action at an early date, is a native of Illinois, or at least he has lived there from boyhood. He went to the Mexican war as the lieutenant of an Illinois company, and was selected by the lamented J. J. Hardin as his adjutant. By Hardin's side he fought in every battle until that gallant chieftain fell, and with his own hands he helped to dress his corpse for the last rites of humanity. During that entire campaign he was the most intimate companion of that lamented officer, and the sash which he wears now at the head of his regiment is the one which Hardin wore on that last fatal field. He is an able officer, and very popular with his men. He was a candidate for Congress in the Fifth Illinois district last year, but the Democratic majority was too much for him.

SCOTT'S ANSWER.—All the movements made under Scott's auspices have been characterized by extreme caution, and when, on a recent occasion, he was urged by a prominent member of the Cabinet to make an important forward movement, he said that he had never yet lost a division of the army, and did not intend to; that if such a move were made, then one of these things would happen—the division would be cut off, or be compelled to retreat, or the rest of the army would have to be advanced to support it before it was ready, either of which would be very dangerous. This was before the advance of McDowell's army into Virginia, and while the insane press of New York was raving for instantaneous action. This sort of careless advance is what has produced the disasters at Great and Little Bethel.—*North American.*

RUNNING.—The great mistake which men make in running is by starting in too great a hurry. Unusual exercise demands an increased circulation of the blood and rapid breathing. The heart must pump away with greater energy. Now, the organs of circulation cannot be put upon their highest tension in a moment, and the man who attempts to run swiftly before his wind is up, as it is called, finds himself suddenly out of breath and exhausted. Men who have passed the middle age of life can have some derangement in the circulatory, and incur great danger by such exercise. We once saw a man fall dead who had ran on an alarm of fire. We have often run five miles up hill and down without breaking our trot, but we ran the first quarter of a mile little beyond a fast walk, and gradually increased our speed until the last mile was at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. We have found many who would outrun us for a short distance, but give in a mile or more and we will beat them. It is a good exercise for boys and young men, and especially for soldiers, but they should practice first the quick and then the double-quick before they run. Making raw recruits run till speed may develop their physical defects, but it is not the way to make good soldiers. To run well, place the hands on the hips, draw the elbows somewhat back, so as to expand the chest, and breathe through the nostrils and not through the mouth; start gradually, increase the speed to the highest point required.—*Bethel Courier.*

SOLDIERS' LETTERS.—It is the practice in the British army throughout the world for soldiers to frank their own letters, by merely putting on the corner of the envelope "Soldier's letter." This is respected by all the British post-offices, and mail throughout the world as a free frank. By every foreign mail letters are received from the East Indies and elsewhere through the Box on post-office with this frank. In view of the sacrifices made by our volunteers and soldiers, and the small pay received, we suggest that some provision be made by Congress for carrying their letters free of postage.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA HAS BEEN GIVEN PERMISSION TO THE OFFICERS OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY TO OFFER THEIR SERVICES TO THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES DURING THE WAR FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF THE INTEGRITY OF THE REPUBLIC.

The Hudson Gazette tells of a little four-year-old girl who, while repeating the catechism at her mother's knee, replied, in answer to the question, "What did God create?"

"The earth, the sun, the moon, the stars, and the skies."

At a recent great Union meeting at Knoxville, Tenn., some Alabama secession troops passing the meeting on a railroad train fired into the meeting, many women and children being present. The fire was returned, and the meeting was with difficulty prevented from tearing up the track. The procession of Union men on horseback, about four deep, was half a mile long, variously estimated to contain from eight to twelve hundred men. At the head of each division the stars and stripes were floating to the number of six banners.

Poisoning the Soldiers.—A letter from Miss Dix to a gentleman in this city states positively that several soldiers have died in the hospital in Washington city, poisoned by strichnine contained in cakes which they purchased from peddlers who came around their camps. This is horrible.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

ABOUT 2,800 secession troops have been ordered from Pensacola to Virginia.

In allusion to the large numbers of Southern secession ladies who have come North, an exchange paper says:—Will any gentleman of secession proclivities tell us whether this isn't the first instance on record where a party at war have sent their women and children to their enemies for protection?

THE Petersburg, Va., ladies, forty in number, are drilling for fight. Their captain is Josephine Swan. What a jolly company to capture.

Mosquito Exterminator.—Our soldiers at Fort Pickens and elsewhere are likely to be subjected to great suffering from mosquitoes. A correspondent of the New York Tribune asserts that a most effective means of keeping off these pests is to smoke cigarettes made of pennyroyal. The experiment is worth trying, and we hope those who have quantities of the herb to spare will send a supply to our soldiers, with directions for its use.

U. S. PASSES INTO VIRGINIA.—The following is the condition attached to the passes granted to those who visit the entrenchments upon the other side of the Potomac:

"It is understood that the within-named and subscribed accepts this pass on his word of honor that he is, and will ever be, loyal to the United States, and if hereafter found in arms against the Union, or in any way aiding her enemies, the penalty will be death."

DULL TIMES AT NEW ORLEANS.—We quote from the prices current of the New Orleans Bee of the 3d:—

Tobacco.—We did not hear of a sale. Sugar and Molasses.—Nothing reported. Coffee.—We did not hear of a sale.

Oats, Bran and Hay.—Nothing reported.

The marine lists exhibit a like acing void, thus:

Saturday—No arrivals from sea.

Sunday—No arrivals from sea.

COW DISEASE.—A disease has made its appearance among cows in the vicinity of Camp Washington, at Easton. The only-visible symptoms are a remarkable falling off in the quantity of milk given, especially at morning milking, which is the cause of much disappointment to farmers and milkmaids. It was unheard of previous to the advent of the soldiers, but is now known as the "Army Drought." It has not extended beyond a circle of one mile.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The Supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 7,000 head. Prices varying from \$8 to \$10 per cwt. 400 Cows were sold at from \$30 to \$40 per head. 5000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from \$3.00 to \$3.25 per cwt, gross. 880 Hogs brought from \$5.50 to \$6.50 per cwt, net.

MARRIAGES.

LAW.—Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday morning, May 15th, by the Rev. Robert C. Matlock, of the Church of the Nativity, Mr. JOHN K. GABLE, to Miss MARTHA S. HANCOCK.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Father Liley, of St. Joseph's, Mr. SIMON P. MCKENNY, to Miss ELIZABETH PARKER, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JAMES SPAULDING, to Miss EMMA J. KEMBLE, both of Frankford, Pa.

On the 26th of May, by the Rev. T. S. Johnstone, Mr. JACOB R. FEETERS, to Miss MARY A. WATSON, daughter of E. Watson, Esq., both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. R. Watts, Mr. ROBERT CRAWFORD, to Mary McMaster, both of this city.

DEATHS.

LAW.—Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, THOMAS ASHMEAD, in his 77th year.

In Paris, France, on the 19th of May, FRANCIS PERCEVAL, son of the late Sir Francis.

On the 10th instant, WILLIAM E. THOMAS, in his 29th year.

On Sunday morning, 9th instant, GEORGE E. LOUDENSLAGER, in his 29th year.

In West Chester, Pa. on the 7th instant, HENRIETTA C. PETTIT, wife of John D. Pettit, Esq.

On the morning of the 7th instant, HENRY D. COOK, in his 32d year.

On Friday morning, the 7th instant, CHARLES H. STEELE, in his 47th year.

On the 10th instant, THOMAS BENNETT, aged 57 years.

On the 11th instant, ELLEN CURTIS, in her 35th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DEACON, aged 53.

On the evening of the 8th instant, at the residence of C. J. Shorley, Northampton, Bucks county, CHARLES REY, of this city, in his 60th year.

At Centreville, N. J., on Sunday afternoon, the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DE

Wit and Humor.

JOY IN THE HOUSE OF WARD.

DEAR SIRS.—I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am in a state of grave his, and trust these lines will find you injoyin the same blessings. I'm regeninated. I've found the immortal waters of youth, so to speak, and am as limber and frisky as a two-year old shoo, and in the fater them boys which wa to me "go up old Ward bed," will do so at the peril of their hazard individually. I'm very happy. My house is full of joy, and I have to git up nights and laff! Sometimes I ax myself "is it not a dream?" & suthin Within me sez "it air;" but when I look at them sweet little critters and hear 'em squawk, I know it is reality—2 realty, I may say—and I feel gay.

I returned from the Summer Campane with my unparaleld show of wax works and living wild Beasts of Pray in the early part of this month. The people of Baldinville met me cordially and I immedjely commented restin my self with my famerly. The other nite while I was down to the tavern tosin my shins agin the bar room fire & amazin the krowd with sum of my adventures, who shouid cum in bare headed & terrible excited but Bill Stokes, who sez, sez he, "Old Ward, there's grate doins up to your house."

Sez I, "William, how so?"
Sez he, "Bust my gizzard, but it's grate doins," & then he larfed as if he'd kill himself.
Sez I, risin' and puttin' on a austere look, "William, I woodnt be a fool if I had comon cents."

But he kept on larfin till he was black in the face, when he fell over on to the bunk where the hostler sleeps and in a still small voice sed, "Twins!" I assure you gents that the grass didn't grow under my feet on my way home, & I was followed by an enthusiastic throng of my felier cittergans, who burrard for Old Ward at the top of their voices. I found the house chock full of peopie. There was Mis Square Baxter and her three grown up daughters, lawyer Perkins wife, Taberthy Ripley, young Eben Parsons, Deakun Simons folks, the Skoolmaster, Doctor Jordan, etcetera, etcetera. Mis Ward was in the west room, which jines the kitchin. Mis Square Baxter was mixin' suthin in a dipper before the kitchin fire, & a small army of female wimmin were rushin' wildly round the house with bottles of camfire, peaces of flanall, &c. I never seed such a hubbub in my natural born dose. I could not stay in the west room only a minit, so strung up was my feelins, so I rush out and ceased my dubbed barfild gun.

"What upon sirth ales the man?" sez Taberthy Ripley. "Sakes alive, what air you doin?" & she grabed me by the coat tales. "What's the matter with you?" she continued.

"Twins, marm," sez I, "twins?"

"I know it," sez she, coverin her face with her spun.

"Wall," sez I, "that's what's the matter with me!"

"Wall put down that air gun, you pesky old fool," sez she.

"No, marm," sez I, "this is a Nashun day. The glory of this here day isn't confined to Baldinville by a darn site. On yonder wood shed," sez I, drawin myself up to full hite and speakin in a show actin voice, "will I fire a Nashun salut!" sayin' whitch I tared myself from her grasp and rush to the top of the shed where I blazed away until Square Bapier's hired man and my son Artemus Juneyer cum and took me down by man force.

On returnin to the Kitchin I found quite a lot of peopie seated bet the fire, a talkin the even over. They made room for me & I sat down. "Quite a episodes," sez Doctor Jordan, litin his pipe with a red hot coal.

"Yes," sez I, "2 episodes, wayng about 18 pounds jintly."

"A perfick coop de tat," said the skool master.

"E pluribus unum, in propietor persony," sez I, thinking I'd let him know I understood furrin langwidges as well as he did if I wasn't a skoolmaster.

"It is indeed a momentous event," said young Eben Parsons, who has been 2 quarters to the Akademy.

"I never heard twins called by that name afore," sez I, "but I spouse it's all rit."

"We shall soon have Wards enuff," said the editor of the Baldinville Bugle of Liberty, who was lookin over a bundle of exchange papers in the corner, "to apply to the legislator for a City Charter."

"Good for you, old man!" sez I, "git that air a conspicious place in the next Bugle."

"How rediculus," said pretty Susan Fletcher, coverin her face with her knittin work & lardin like all possent.

"Wall for my part," said Jane Maria Peas ley, who is the crossest old maid in the world, "I think you all act like a pack of fools."

Sez I, "Mis Peasley, sir you a parent?"

Sez she, "No, I ain't."

Sez I, "Mis Peasley, you never will be."

Sez she, "Ise."

We not there talkin & larfin until "the switchin hour of nite when grave yards yawn & Jouts troupe 4th," as old Bill Shakespeare aptly observes in his drams of John Shapard, esq., or the Moral House Breaker, when we break up & disbursed.

Mother & children is a doin well; & as Re-solishuns is the order of the day I will feel obligeid if you'll insert the follerin—

WHENAS, two Eppisodes has happened up to the undersheriff's house, which is Twins, & WHENAS I like this stile, sede Twins bein of the male perwahshun & both boys; thered Be it.

Resolved, that to them nakers who did the fare thing by sede Eppisodes my hart felt thanks is doo.

Resolved, that I do most heartily thank En-jine No. 17 who, under the impression from the fes at my house on that auspicious eve that there was a konfagrashun goin on, sum galvanizy to the spot but kindly refrained from expletive.

Bound, that from the bottom of my Sole do I thank the Baldinville brass band for givin up the idea of Sarabandlin me, both on that great nite & since.

Resolved, that my thanks is due several members of the Baldinville meetin house who fur 3 whole dose hain't kalled me a sinfull skoffer or intreced me to mend my wick ed wase and fine aside meetin house to onct.

Resolved, that my Boozum teams with meny kind emoshuns tods the follerin individuals, to whit nangele—Mis Square Baxter, who Jenerally refused to take a sent fur a bottle of camfire; lawyer Perkins wife who rit sun versis on the Eppisodes; the Editor of the Baldinville Bugle of Liberty who nobly assisted me in wollahpin my Kangeroo which angusht little cuus seriously disturbed the Eppisodes by his outstrains screetchins & kickins up; Mis Hirum Doubtless who kindly furnisht sum cold vittles at a tryin time when it wasnt konvenient to cook vittles at my house; & the Peasleys, Parsons & Watsons for there meny ax of kindness.

Trooly yures, ARTEMUS WARD.

THE MAN WHO COULDNT FIND THE BELL-ROPE.

A lady why lives next door to the office of a physician, up street, heard considerable "knockin" at the door one day last week, and wondered why the doorbell was not rung. On opening the door, a verdant and unsophisticated man, of full size and couple of dozen years old, standing on the porch, was asked—

"Does Dr. ——— live anywhere round here?"

"Yes, in that house."

Mr Green then commenced his "tapping, gently tapping," to inform the doctor he was wanted. The lady suggested that he had better ring the bell. That seemed to strike him at first as a good idea, for he stopped rapping and looked around the porch, casting his eye each way along the side of the house—came down the steps—looked at the porch and house again—went out to the street fence so that he could look on the roof—appeared non plussed—came back to the porch—looked at the lady who had lingered in her door to see his manuevers—looked at her as if he was not quite certain whether it was best to ask or impart information, but after another glance around he exclaimed—

"I can't find the rope!"

This explained the disappointed look given when he couldn't find a big bell on the top of the house. The lady, with grace ful politeness and gentle words sweetly spoken, directed him to pull the bell-knob. He slowly pulled it out—he held it firm—of course the bell didn't ring—he held on—turning his head, and with a foolish look, said—

"I don't hear anything ring—can't you show me the rope?"

That was too much—she gave up trying to show him the ropes—rang the bell for him—passed him over to the doctor—and retired to tell about "the greenest man she ever did see."—*Notes and Queries.*

THE CAPTAIN'S PUDDING.

The following story is told of a Yankee captain and his mate.—Whenever there was a plum-pudding made, by the captain's or orders, all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in this part of it. After this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain.

The captain no sooner perceived that the pudding had the wrong end turned towards him, than picking up the dish, and turning it round, as if to examine the china, he said—

"This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool," and put it down, as if without design, with the plum end next to himself.

"Is it possible?" said the mate, taking up the dish. "I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling." And, as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plums next to himself.

The captain looked at the mate, the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed, the mate laughed.

"I'll tell you what, young one," said the captain, "you've found me out, so we will just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed here after."

PULPIT VERSUS CHOIR.

Ministers often find much fault with their choirs, and one who thinks the choir ought to be permitted to return the complaint, tells the following amusing story—

In a small country town, located in the vicinity of the junction of the Chenango with the Susquehanna river, there is a church in which the singing had, to use their own phrase, "run completely down." It had been led for many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical powers had been gradually failing. One evening, on an occasion of interest, the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was sung even worse than usual, the deacon, of course, leading off. Upon its conclusion, the minister arose and requested the deacon to repeat the hymn, as he could not conscientiously pray after such singing. The deacon very composedly pitched it to another tune, and it was again performed, with manifestly a little improvement upon the first time. The clergyman said no more, but proceeded with his prayer. He had finished, and taken the book to give out the second hymn, when he was interrupted by the deacon gravely getting up, and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation, "Will the minister please make another prayer? It will be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that."

Again, suppose a pig, or any small beast, should measure two feet in girth and two feet along the back, which multiplied together make four square feet; which multiplied by 11 (the number of pounds allowed for each square foot of animals measuring less than three feet in girth), make 44 pounds.

Again, suppose a calf, or sheep, &c., to be 4 feet 6 inches in girth and 3 feet 9 inches in length, which multiplied together make sixteen and a half square feet; which multiplied by 16 (the number of pounds allowed for each square foot of cattle measuring less than four feet in girth), makes 264 pounds.

The weight of cattle taken by this method is near enough to the truth for any computation or valuation of stock. It will answer exactly to the four quarters sinking the offal, and any man can work it out with a piece of chalk. It is necessary to remember that a deduction of 14 pounds out of 280 must be made for a half-fatted beast, 14 pounds for a cow that has had calves, and another pound for not being properly fat. So affirms one who pretends to know. Let the directions be proved.—WM. A. WHITE.

[The above rules, so far as applicable to cattle, correspond to those laid down in "Ben-ton's Ready Reckoner," which has long been used in England, and is considered by many dealers to be sufficiently accurate in reference to the weight of beef, without regard to the hide and tallow.—*Boston Collector.*]



AN ARAB'S NARRATIVE.

FROM "ARABIAN INCIDENTS."

I was out in search of porcupines, and in my rambles I found myself in a thick brushwood, in which I was occasionally so entangled that I was forced to crawl on all fours. I was just in such a position when I heard something approaching me, and consequently remained motionless. In a few seconds I perceived a gigantic boar clearing his way with his monstrous tusks, by working his head from side to side. I immediately turned my eyes from him to convince him that I had no evil intentions towards him, and he brushed by me with just one or two gentle grunts, signifying that he likewise was peacefully inclined. I took advantage of the path cleared for me by the wild boar, and he did the same of the one I had cleared for him. Scarcely had I time to think of my escape, when I was again startled by sounds of intrusion ahead of me. I was now prepared, as I thought, to meet the boar's dame, and made ready to receive her as I had done her lord. But lo! a huge lion stood within six arms' length of me. I resigned myself to my fate, by bearing testimony to the unity of the Deity and the apostleship of Mohammed, during which time the lion's eyes were instantly fixed upon me. "Cursed be your religion!" said I; "if you are intent on mischief, why do you delay?" These words were lost upon him; for neither would he despach me, nor leave me. It then struck me that it must be the very lion whom I had pelted with stones, and this thought revived my courage. Addressing him again, I said, "You monstrous pumpkin, you vile and unbelieving wretch, you giant among lambs, and coward among the brave! do you want to exhibit your courage now, because I am unarmed, and the hood of my garment not filled with stones? Fly upon you, ye! Depart, and leave the path to a true believer, or—" Scarcely had I finished my sentence than he turned his head from me, evidently ashamed, and instead of following in the track of the black-bifisted infidel, he made a fresh one for himself, and I was enabled to continue my course without any further adventure.

Correspondent of the Traveller says that most of the shirts made for the volunteers are from four to six inches too short; and adds that—

Like a man without a wife,
Like a ship without a sail,
The most useless thing in life
Is a shirt without a tail!

The Riddler.

TAUZALOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 52 letters.

My 2, 3, 4, 10, 20, 26, 7, 43, 22, 12, is a teacher of much repute in Philadelphia.

My 11, 4, 18, 3, 34, is the plural of a word signifying to retain.

My 16 is either A or B.

My 17, 15, 44, 42, is an affectionate appellation.

My 15, 9, 50, 31, 48, 39, is a place to learn.

My 27, 28, 45, is a conjunction.

My 30, 47, 35, 37, 21, are not wise.

My 35, 6, 26, 35, is the inclination.

My 38, 51, 19, 5, 44, we should always endeavor to do.

My 41, 29, is a preposition.

My 8, 24, is an adjective.

My 32, 49, 23, 1, 32, is correlative to each.

My whole is a very true saying.

"RELTUR."

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 1, 21, 12, 5, 23, is one of the United States.

My 26, 29, 30, 23, 8, 9, 30, 32, 17, is a river in Pennsylvania.

My 25, 26, 16, 16, 31, 10, 4, 5, is a county in Virginia.

My 11, 22, 10, 7, 11, 12, 7, 10, is a volcano in Italy.

My 6, 19, is a river in Europe.

My 23, 31, 7, 10, 12, 7, is an island in the Eastern part of Asia.

My 2, 25, 18, 15, 15, is a bay in the western part of South America.

My 24, 25, 30, 14, 25, 21, 27, is an island in Oceania.

My 23, 16, 7, is a State in South America.

My whole was a glorious achievement of the Americans.

WILLIAM T. TOTTER.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 1, 2, 11, 5, 2, 15, is a county in Virginia.